

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine

DECEMBER, 1844.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE present number of "*The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*" completes its fifteenth volume, and, at the same time, its existence.

With a list of subscribers amply sufficient to defray the expenses of its publication, the Publisher is imperiously obliged to discontinue it, upon the sole ground of their neglect to pay their subscriptions. Hundreds of the "patrons" of this magazine have paid no subscription for years!

To those gentlemen who have supported and encouraged him by a prompt discharge of their dues annually, the Publisher begs to express his grateful acknowledgments.

He desires to announce to Breeders and Turfmen who have been in the habit of registering pedigrees of Blood Stock, etc., that the columns of the "*Spirit of the Times*" will be open to them without charge for that or a similar purpose. And those subscribers to the "*Turf Register*" who have not been subscribers to the "*Spirit of the Times*," are apprised that in the latter they will find not only all the reading matter of the magazine, but a good variety of Agriculture, Sporting, Literary, and Miscellaneous information, not included in it. The "*Spirit of the Times*" is published every Saturday, at the price of the "*Turf Register*,"—is one of the largest papers in the United States, and is so generally known throughout the world as not to require, the Publisher believes, any detailed statement of its scope or peculiar character, as the acknowledged organ and "*Chronicle of the Sporting World*."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES; A CHRONICLE OF The Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

EMBELLISHED WITH SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT No. 1 BARCLAY STREET

JOHN RICHARDS, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the publication Office at One Dollar each. They will be sent to any section of the Union, enveloped as to secure them from injury.

It is desirable that such letters and communications as relate to the editorial department and to Blood Stock be addressed to WM. T. PORTER: all others to J. RICHARDS. The Postage must be paid in all cases.

TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

At the suggestion of friends in remote sections of the country, the Editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*" has been induced to offer his services, at a very moderate commission, for the purchase of all descriptions of IMPROVED STOCK, and articles to be obtained at prime cost of breeders, dealers, manufacturers, and others, in this city, and its vicinity, comprising

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An experience of many years, and a familiar acquaintance with breeders, manufacturers, and others, will enable the Editor to execute any orders or commissions entrusted to him with discrimination, and on favorable terms.

Particular attention will be paid to shipping Stock, etc. Where a choice of transit, land or water, is entertained by a purchaser, he will please state it. All letters—(by dressed to WM. T. PORTER)—must be post paid.

March 1, 1844

NEW ORLEANS RACES,

METAIRIE COURSE.

Though greatly surprised that Blue Dick should have made so pitiful an exhibition at New Orleans, the result was precisely what we anticipated. In the "Spirit" of the 7th Dec. last, we cautioned our readers against backing the horse, and stated distinctly that "though Blue Dick has achieved a higher reputation than any other horse nominated in the stake, we shall not be surprised, in the slightest degree, to see him ingloriously defeated." The long journey, the absence of his trainer and Col. JOHNSON, but more especially the change of climate and water, induced this belief, and our opinion has been amply confirmed. Yet we were not prepared for so poor a race as Blue Dick made. We know that at Baltimore, a few days before commencing his journey, he made a trial that was deemed by his friends most extraordinary. What time he made, we are not aware, but we can very well imagine that it "was not slow," as he has run Fashion up to 7:35 at Baltimore, to 7:36 at Trenton, after forcing her to 7:38 at Camden, the week previously. At New Orleans Peytona beat him at her ease—in fact, run over him at will—in 8:09—8:09 on a course over which, the following day. Two mile heats were run in 3:49—3:45!! We understand that Capt. BELCHER reached New Orleans about a week before the race, and judge from the reports, that finding Blue Dick and Midas short of work, he trained them off their legs. Midas was disgracefully distanced in the Two mile race—not at all remarkable for its time—on the following day. Had Blue Dick made a tip-top race with Peytona—one worthy of his distinguished reputation—his defeat would have been a triumph indeed, for that nonpareil. But as she beat him in a hard gallop, when manifestly no more fit to run than a saddle horse, the race will not "set him back any" in public estimation. Fashion, caught by Tyler with a cold on her, was beaten handily by that "sucker horse" at Two mile heats, and but for an accident, would have been defeated by Blue Dick himself, last season, being quite out of condition.

Having seen Blue Dick make nearly all his great races, we very naturally have acquired a strong partiality for him. Our judgment was never warped in consequence, however, and up to the receipt of the result of the race, we backed our judgment against our ardent wishes. We should have been delighted, we frankly confess, to have chronicled Blue Dick's success, and "so poor a man as Hamlet is," would have eagerly paid double to have done so. The paragraphs of some of the New Orleans daily papers, a few days before the race, encouraged the hope that the Virginia Champion would at least reflect no discredit upon his reputation, and the writers were, doubtless, as much surprised as we were, by the mortifying exhibition he made. Such "accidents will happen," however, "in the best regulated" stables. Argyle was shamefully distanced by John Bascombe, at Augusta, from getting the check of his bridle bit in his mouth the night previous to their great match, which bled him profusely. Boston, too, being taken suddenly ill from the use of the water, was beaten by Wilton Brown and Reliance, at Alexandria, "in no time at all." Altorf, for whom \$10 000 was paid in Virginia, in his 3 yr. old form, was distanced in all his races, during his first season in the southwest; in his second, however, in a Four mile race with Grey Medoc, at New Orleans, he ran a dead heat in 7:35, the 8th mile of the same race in 1:48, and the 3d heat in 7:42!! Fifty instances of a similar character might be pointed out, were they required. Like Altorf, after a year's acclimation, Blue Dick may yet live to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." He is beaten, but not defeated; and the remark as well applies to "OLD NAP" of Virginia, as to his quondam namesake of France, that "he is never more to be feared than in his reverses."

Peytona is claimed to be, beyond all peradventure, quite superior to either Reel, Sarah Bladen, or Miss Foote. She has been unfortunate in never having had an opportunity of showing her time—her races having been run through mud, with one exception—though she has always beaten her competitors like a trump, as she is, beyond doubt. The reasons are "as plenty as blackberries"

why we should like her, as we do, as much as we can admire any horse we never saw. Her sire, dam, and grandsire on the latter's side, we "know all to pieces;" her breeder was one of our staunchest friends, and her owner is not only all this, but an ornament to the Turf, and one of our most accomplished correspondents. With the stable itself, its trainer and owner, and their personal friends and interests, we are as thoroughly familiar as with the alphabet. Consequently, we were not unconcerned to hear of Peytona's success, but every man who likes a fine horse—and who does not?—always has some personal favorite among those constituting a field, and is gratified at his winning, even though his judgment may have sometimes induced him to lay out his money against him. We acknowledge to have been one of the "outside barbarians" who were amazingly fond of Boston, and who "rejoiced with exceeding great joy" at his success. For Fashion, however, renowned as she is, we never felt any such partiality, though justly proud of her. For Charles XII. and Ben-a-wing, for Grey Eagle and Cassandra, for Monarch, Ripton, and others, we have ever had the strongest and perhaps strangest sort of personal regard; and this for no reason under Heaven that we can assign. With no rational cause for it, many horses, like men, are quite indifferent to Turfmen generally, who, at the same time take the warmest interest in others, who have no peculiar claim whatever upon their regard. And not unfrequently a prejudice is taken against some particular horse from some unaccountable and groundless impulse:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know, and know full well—
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

After the Spring Campaign in Louisiana, why will not Mr. KIRKMAN send his stable to the North? VAN LEER, his capital trainer, we know is very anxious to come on, and the friends of Fashion would greet the Alabama cracks and their owner, with enthusiasm. If a match would be an additional inducement one can be had readily, and as large purses would be given for all distances, as were ever hung up in America. Think of it!

It will be seen by the annexed report, that the time of each race during the meeting, grew "small by degrees and beautifully less" up to the last day. After *Music* won the two mile purse, on the day following Peytona's victory, in 3:49—3:45, *Magnate* won at mile heats, the next day, in 1:50½—1:49½. This son of Eclipse has been peculiarly unfortunate in his career; like Zenith, also by Eclipse, he was a prodigious fine colt; we saw him in his first race at Lexington put Jim Bell up to 1:46, in a second heat! Col. BINGAMAN's *Jeanetteau* is worthy of filling Sarah Bladen's place in his stable. After a three mile heat in 5:45, she closed the race in 5:38½. On the following day Mr. GREER's *Rover*, doubtless the best colt of his year, in Kentucky, "fixed out" a strong field at four mile heats, after a capital race. Mr. KENNER's Pat Gallwey distinguished himself so much as to induce a regret that Col. OLIVER did not start him against Peytona and Blue Dick, to whom he paid forfeit. The Illinois or Missouri colt, *Jerry Lancaster*, must have "astonished the weak nerves" of the crowd by his performance. The "mourners" would have been essentially "crowded" had Gil. Patrick been on his back. To repeat a four mile heat in 7:39½, after one in 7:39 is a buckleberry beyond any persimmon we ever supposed Mark Moore would turn out. "BILLY GREER" is "some," as a judge of a horse, or in managing one in the field. Bo-WELL and himself have contrived for several years in succession, to pick up the finest 3 yr. olds in Kentucky for the South-western market. Judging from the report, we take it that Rover won his race as Master Henry did at Baltimore, in 1839, when Wonder won the first heat of a three mile race in 5:47½, being forced to it by Argyle, who won the 2d heat in 5:40. In this 2d heat two horses were distanced, but Master Henry barely saved his, under the whip, and then won the race in 5:56—6:01. Argyle was at this time nine years old, and a beautiful daughter of his—Col. HAMPTON's *Kate Seyton*—had won a rich stake two days previous, on the same course. Lancaster and Gallwey doubles used each other up precisely as Argyle and Wonder did. Mr. KENNER's *Music*, at mile heats best 3 to 5, made a most extraordinary race, beating Col. BINGAMAN'S *La Bacchante* in 1:48½—1:46½—1:49!!

The great four mile Sweepstakes, \$2000 each, sub. \$500 ft. in which were

entered Blue Dick and Midas, from the North and Peytona, Ruffin and Pat Gallwey from the West and South, came off yesterday over the Metairie Course and was won with ease, by the invincible Peytona; the beautiful and spirited Blue Dick, her only competitor for the prize, falling another victim, to her powerful and mighty stride.

The assemblage present to witness the contest, was by far the largest we have seen congregated on a race course in the South. If we except one day's of the first meeting over the Eclipse course, at Carrollton. The business part of the city after ten o'clock, presented a singularly deserted appearance. Such was the inertness which pervaded the whole community as to the result, that every available means of conveyance that could possibly be brought into use was seized upon for the occasion. The new Shell road leading to the course, for several hours preceding the race, presented a lively and animated appearance—the hundreds of vehicles of all sorts and sizes, from the heavy lumbering omnibus, to the light and fragile buggy, commingling in an almost unbroken line the entire route. Hundreds availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the passenger barges on the canal, not to mention the immense throng, who sought conveyance through that healthy, invigorating and economical mode of locomotion, called "shanks' mare."

The odds, which were only a shade in favor of Peytona, some ten days since gradually increased until the moment of starting, when two to one was freely offered and in most cases, "went a begging."

The track, from the rain on Saturday last, was dead and heavy, and in many places, particularly on the turn at the entrance to the quarter stretch, was quite sticky. To a superficial observer, the dry crust upon the surface gave evidence of a tolerable quick race—the knowing ones thought eight minutes would be as soon as it could be done, and were very "sweet" in picking up the extra tens and twenties from the green ones, who in hundreds of instances exhibited their judgment, in marking that it would be done under 7.50 and in some cases under 7:45.

The horses, each, when they were stripped, looked as fine as silk, and were pronounced to be in perfect condition.

The riders, Barney on Peytona, and young Craig, on Blue Dick, two as able and experienced Jockeys as ever "set a pig skin," looked each a perfect picture of success, as they mounted for the contest.

The race.—Upon the nags being called to the stand, Barney, thinking that a little warming up would not set his mare back any, gave her a lively gallop down and up the quarter stretch—Craig upon Blue Dick, quietly awaited for the start.

At the *top*, both bounded off together, Peytona on the inside. At the first turn Blue Dick shot by her, took the track and entered the back stretch two lengths ahead. The pace to the entrance of the quarter stretch was dead slow. As they swung into the stretch, Craig pulled his horse to the outside, where the track was hard and dry. Barney notwithstanding the disadvantage, he was laboring under, begged the pole, and at the stand had almost closed the gap. In rounding the turn the second mile, Dick again shook her off and led by a couple of lengths to the stretch, where he again took the outside end and threw the mare into the soft track. Barney called upon Peytona, who at the stand, collared Dick, passed him at the turn, and entered the back stretch in the lead. Dick now made play, and at the quarter lapped the mare, when a most exciting and beautiful brush, side by side, ensued to the half mile, where Dick showed head but could not shake her off. Barney lying on his hips until they entered the stretch, when he pulled his mare on the hard track and passed the stand a neck ahead on the last mile. At the turn, Dick again takes the lead and enters the back stretch a length or so in advance. At the quarter Barney calls upon the mare, gives Dick the go by and leads down the back stretch by a length. After passing the half mile, Craig made another brush at the mare, and in rounding the turn, had almost lapped her, when she shook him off and entered the stretch on the run home, a length or two in the lead. Craig made another effort but it was of no avail, the mare winning the heat, hard in hand, by half a dozen lengths. Time 8:09.

Second Heat—Both of the nags cooled off well, and each appeared eager to renew the contest. The odds were now four and five to one on the mare and takers few and far between. At the "word" the mare led, and swung into the

back stretch two lengths in advance. At the quarter Dick made play, soon gave her the go by and led to the quarter stretch by a couple of lengths. Barney took the outside track and at the stand lapped Craig, who at the turn shook him off and swung into the back stretch four lengths ahead, which advantage he maintained until he entered the quarter, when Barney called upon his mare, who gradually closed the gap, and passed the stand almost lapped upon Dick, who again shook her off and led round the turn. At the quarter the mare again huge him, and a beautiful brush ensues to the half mile, where the mare shows head and endeavors to shake him off; Dick hangs to her haunches until they enter the quarter stretch, when the mare leaves him, and passes the stand on the fourth mile, three lengths in the lead. The same position is maintained until they pass the half mile, when Dick again rallied, and in rounding the turn had almost closed the gap when she again shook him off, and from this out had it all her own way, winning the heat and race hard in hand, by 30 yards in 8:09 Dick holding up at the draw gates.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24th, 1844—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$2 000 each, \$500 ft. Four mile heats.

Henry Keane's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. m. *Peytona*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess, by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs Barney 1 1
R. Ten Broeck, Jr.'s gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance 2 2

	First heat.	Second heat.
TIME—1st mile.....	2:06	1st mile
2d ".....	2:00	2d ".....
3d ".....	1:59	3d ".....
4th ".....	2:04	4th ".....

Track heavy. 8:09

SECOND DAY—TWO MILE HEATS.—The six entries for the two mile purse, the balmy weather and the leisure afforded by a gay holiday, drew to the course a much larger attendance than was anticipated. The encouragement and smiles of ladies were not wanting, and the stands presented an array of gentlemen, which afforded almost a repetition of the show of the previous day.

As to the sport itself, we are again constrained to say, that it was most unsatisfactory, the race having been won so easily that it is not worth writing about. Of the six entries, as we gave them yesterday—*Tarantula*, *Li-a-tu-nah Music*, *Native*, *Ruffin* and *Midas*—almost any two would have been backed at even against the field. The current betting, however, was Ruffin and Tarantula, or Ruffin and Li-a-tu-nah, against the balance. We think it safe to say that Ruffin was first favorite. It was thought certain that he would be first or last in the race, and we need not say more to turfmen to indicate the precise expectations of those who sported their dimes upon the issue.

The race itself requires no description—in neither heat was Music headed. In the first heat the start was very good; in the second, Music obtained an advantage of some yards in the outset, with the additional help of being in action as the drum was tapped. It would be idle to attempt to tell what horse chased her in this quarter or in that. No one caught her, and she came out a winner, as the subjoined summary will show, of one of the best races ever run in the State, at the same distance. The course was somewhat better than on the day previous, but it was by no means elastic or quick. The time made surprised the best judges.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages. 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. *Music*, by Imp. Philip, out of *Piano*, by Bertrand, 5 yrs 1 1
Y. N. Oliver's (Thos. Kirkman's) ch. f. *Li-a-tu-nah*, by Imp. Alderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs 2 2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedford, dam by Sir Archv, 4 yrs. 3 3
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Tarantula*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs 6 4
P. A. Cock's ch. c. *Native*, by Medoc, out of Ann Beauchamp, 4 yrs 5 5
R. Ten Broeck's b. h. *Midas*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs 4 dist.
Time, 3:49—3:45.

THIRD DAY—MILE HEATS.—We had another race by which “the knowing ones” were taken all aback—the winner not being thought of for the purse,

save by a very select party. Of the five entries—*Aduella*, *Illinois*, *Fancy*, *Magnate* and *Liz Tillett*—the first named was most emphatically the favorite, and from among the rest *Liz* had rather the call. We do not deem it necessary to expend much time in describing the race, it having been finished in two heats, won pretty-handily by *Magnate*. The accident to *Liz Tillett* was the only thing that we need note; the summary will tell the rest. In starting in the first heat *Liz* caught the heel of her fore foot with the toe of a hind one, fell to the ground, and threw her jockey clear over her head. The boy recovered his feet as soon as the filly, seized her by the head, was mounted again very speedily by the aid of friends, and sailed off after the rest of the party, although they were many distances in advance. He was too far behind to make up the gap, and at the head of the quarter stretch pulled *Liz* up, as he was ordered by the trainer. All regretted the accident, but had occasion to express their gratification that no harm of moment occurred to the jockey or the filly.

THURSDAY. Dec 26—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages; entrance added; weight as before Mile heats.

M. Rougan's (Wm. Baird's) ch h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, out of <i>Cherry Elliott</i> (Maria Duke's dam) by Sumpter, 6 yrs	John Ford	1	1
Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , own sister to <i>Peytona</i> , 6 yrs		3	2
Y. N. Oliver's, (Scruggs & Fanning's) b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs			
P. A. Cock's b. f. <i>Fancy</i> , by Woodpecker, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs		4	4
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch f. <i>Liz Tillett</i> , by Frank, dam by Medoc, 3 yrs			dist.*

Time, 1:50½—1:49½. *Distanced by falling at the start.

FOURTH DAY—THREE MILE HEATS.—Notwithstanding the severe cold, a grand throng was attracted to the course to see the three mile race, for which *Norma Jeannetteau*, *Li-a-tu-nah* and *Narine* were entered. Of this lot Col Bingaman's filly, *Jeannetteau*, was most decidedly the favorite, but her friends could "get on" their money at the rate of about 75 to 50 against her. They were not reluctant to pile it up at this rate, and a lively business was done at the figures we quote. *Norma* too had friends from the stoutness she had displayed in many a hard fought field. Yet another party was snatching and eager to lay out their means against *Jeannetteau*, the favorite with them being *Li-a-tu-nah*. Upon the whole, the betting was as various as could have been desired by the most adventurous speculator, and large sums were staked upon the issue. Before going further, we may say that the race was run while a high wind was blowing from the northwest; that the air was singularly cold for this latitude, and that the course was in good condition. We deem it but fair, however, to say that we have seen it in even finer order for fast time. This is but a matter of opinion. Now a few words upon the running, and then we will finish.

Norma made play in the first part of the first heat, and led round for more than three parts of a mile. When one could distinguish the exact positions of the horses coming down the quarter stretch, she had yielded the front place to *Narine*. Thus the work went on, no one having any advantage to be worth mentioning in a race at this distance. French, on *Norma*, made a rush—or the mare made a rush with him—just at the end of a mile and about three eighths, but it was as ineffectual upon the ultimate result as it was inexplicable to the spectators. *Narine* held the inside and was not then to be passed. At the end of the second mile all were well together; nothing thus far had occurred to indicate to the multitude what would win. A half mile further, and it was another affair. *Chisel'em*, who was astride the winner, and had managed her with the utmost prudence—never pushing her nor allowing her to drop too far behind—now made play in earnest for the heat. He gained upon the others round the turn, and so soon as one could ascertain the positions of the contending nags he was leading and he maintained his lead, coming out ahead in 5:45.

After winning this heat, *Jeannetteau* was backed at 2 to 1 for the race, although *Norma* still had friends who believed that accident had cost her the first heat. The second heat, it will not detain us to describe. The winner of the first trailed for two miles and a half—all the time close enough for a rush. This rush was made on the back stretch of the last mile, every thing going at a flight of speed the while. But the filly was too fast; one after another declined the contest; *Norma* gave it up first; *Narine* held on so as to give some confidence to her backers, but *Li-a-tu-nah* came out next to the winner, who ran out her second heat in the most excellent time, 5:38 1-2. We subjoin a summary:

FRIDAY, Dec. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Th mile heats.		
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Jeannetteau</i> , by Imp. L'vinthan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.	Chisel'em 1 1	
Thos. Kirkman's ch. f. <i>Li-a-tu-nah</i> , by Imp. Alanderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, 4 yrs.	2 2	
Wm. Baird's ch. f. <i>Narine</i> , by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisianaise, 4 yrs.	3 3	
Wm. J. Minor's ch. m. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, 5 yrs.	4 dist.	
First Heat.	Second Heat.	
Time of 1st mile.....	1:57 Time of 1st mile.....	1:54
Time of 2d mile.....	1:55 Time of 2d mile.....	1:53
Time of 3d mile.....	1:53 Time of 3d mile.....	1:51
		5:38

FIFTH DAY—FOUR MILE HEATS.—This race was one of the most interesting and one of the fastest we have ever seen at four mile heats. The entries were *Illinois*, *Jerry Lancaster*, *Rover* and *Pat Gallwey*. Both Pat and Rover had friends who were sanguine upon them. Between the two it was an even thing, while the odds of about 4 to 3 were current in small sums on either one of them against the field. We do not purpose to occupy our columns with a minute description of the race, and the positions of the horses at the different points. Save the horse distanced in the first heat, the rest were kept as well together as was fitting in a four mile race. The mere record of the time of the different miles which we have included in our summary will best show how the race was run.—*Chisel'em* tried hard to win the first heat on *Pat Gallwey*, but was beaten, after a brush that was maintained for three quarters of the last mile, by about a length. The pace was awful in the last mile—so much so that *Illinois* found it quite impossible to get the right side of the flag.

The second heat is best described in the time which may be found in our summary. At one moment, while going down the back stretch, the three nags ran so closely locked that one could scarcely have suspected that there was more than one horse moving. It created a deal of excitement in the stands, and loud shouts were sent up when *Pat Gallwey* drew clear from the rest. As he came home, *Jerry Lancaster* was close upon him, and although Pat won the heat, it was by so little, that many had to wait for the decision of the judges before they dared shout.

The severity of the pace in this heat led many to believe that Pat and Jerry were done for. The friends of Rover came more prominently into the betting ring, laid out their money on the most liberal terms, and they were justified in their confidence in their horse by his winning the third and fourth heats. After the third heat, it was almost dollars to dimes that he carried off the money, but he had to work for it, the fourth heat being most admirably contested, although the rate of speed was abated, as the record shows. We need only premise, before coming to the summary, that the course was in admirable order.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1,000, free for all ages, weights as before.

Four mile heats.				
Wm. P. Greer's b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.	A. J. Minor 3 3 1 1			
Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Pat Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare, 4 yrs.	2 1 3 2			
Col. Y. N. Oliver's ch. c. <i>Jerry Lancaster</i> , by Mark Moore, dam by Gohana, 4 yrs.	1 2 2 dist.			
Scruggs & Fanning's b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Frank, 4 yrs.	dist.			
First Heat.	Second Heat.	Third Heat.	Fourth Heat.	
1st Mile.....	1:59	1:56	1:59	2:18
2d " "	1:56	1:55	2:00	2:00
3d " "	1:54	1:56	1:54	2:17
4th " "	1:50	1:52	1:58	2:14
	7:39	7:39	7:51	8:29

LAST DAY—MILE HEATS, best 3 in 5—This race was one of the most interesting and best contested, at the distance, we ever saw. Music was the favorite against Col. Bingaman's *La Bacchante*, at 3 to 2, and finally 2 to 1. Every heat was contested to the last jump, and it will be seen by the annexed summary, that the time was admirable.

SIXTH DAY, Dec. 29—Proprietor's Purse \$250, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.	
Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano, by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	1 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>La Bacchante</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	2 2 2
Time, 1:48—1:46—1:48.	

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 653.

RUNNING YEARLINGS.

AT Newmarket, Catterick Bridge, Malton, or any other place at which racing meetings are held sufficiently early, there are mostly stakes opened for yearlings to be entered into. To have a tolerable true run race, it will be advisable to make the stakes worth winning; to obtain this point, the subscription should be thirty sovereigns each, ten forfeit; we will, to shew the reader how the thing is to be done, say, that the annual meeting at which the yearlings' stakes are to be run for is but a few miles distant from our home stable. We shall have to take a couple of horses to run for something at the above meeting. With the horses, we will take the two best yearlings we are supposed to have tried, both of which we found to be very superior to any yearlings we had ever tried before.

Now, it is proper that our horses should arrive at the stables in the neighborhood of the meeting on the fourth day previous to its taking place, so that by exercising them every morning on the course, (which they may possibly have never run over before), they may become acquainted with it; and, to be certain that both our yearlings will at the same time kindly go up between the rails of the course, they must accompany the horses for their own length. It is also advisable to make the two yearlings follow the race horses through the crowd on each day of their running up between the rails of the course in concluding their races.

Let us now proceed to show how these little matters are to be carried into effect. Suppose the horses and colts to have arrived in the stable prepared for their reception in the vicinity of the meeting mentioned. On the following morning our horses and colts are to be taken out to the race course. The colts being ordered by the groom to go as far in front of the horses as will give them time to walk on by the side of the course up to where their gallop is to begin, are to be kept there moving about until the horses come up to them. The horses are to begin their walking exercise from the starting-post of the course, walking on as much of that part of the course as may be necessary to give them, in the latter part of it, a sufficient length of ground to take their gallops on; and as they are coming along in them, and are getting up nearly opposite to where the colts are, these latter should be ready to go off in their gallops, and follow the former, the whole of the way up between the rails, and pass the winning-post before they pull up. Thus are horses

shown a course, and colts taught to go up between the rails o one.

We now come to speak of how yearlings are to be brought to face the crowd on a race course, at the time of the horses running. The way to do this is, on the first day of the meeting, and on each succeeding one, about an hour before the races begin, to take the yearlings in question on to the race course, under the charge of the head lad, who should be on a hack in the front of them. The lad, on his hack, followed by the colts, should go up between the rails of the course, and pass the winning-post ; then being turned about, they should be walked back, down the outside of the rails among the foot people, (who are by this time pretty thickly assembled), and near to the most crowded parts ; here they may occasionally be stopped, and allowed to look about them ; after which they may be walked down to where the rails of the course conclude, or, if a longer length be necessary for the thick colt we shall bye-and-bye have to run here, as far down as where they, the colts, were before started off in their gallops. On turning them about here, if the head lad observes the course to be pretty clear, that is, not much crowded in its centre by the people, (which it ought never to be), he may start his hack off at a good, steady, quiet gallop, and, being followed by the colts, go up between the rails ; after passing the winning-post, they should be pulled up and made much of, to give them confidence ; and they should be kept walking about near to the crowd, as there is mostly great cheering among the people as the horses are running past them up to the winning-post. Should the colts, at this time, appear to be the least timid, they are to be spoken kindly to and much noticed by the boys who ride them, so that they may not become alarmed ; after which they should be taken home. At the same time on the morrow they are to be brought again on to the course ; here they are to be walked about between the rails and in the crowd, as they were on the day previous. When the bell rings for the saddling of the horses that are going to run, the colts should be walked down between and as far below the rails as is necessary to admit of their getting tolerably clear out of the crowd. Their having arrived at this part of the course, the head lad, under whose care the two colts are, speaks to the boys who are riding them ; he says—" Now mind you are both ready to follow me with your colts, immediately on the horses passing," (meaning the horses that are running). As soon as the whole of the horses are passed by, the head lad on his hack, and the boys on their colts, immediately follow the horses up the distance, passing the winning-post. The colts, on being pulled up here, should, as I have already observed, be kindly spoken to and much noticed by the boys on them ; after which they may be kept walking about near the crowd for an hour, or until they have become cool and collected from the little surprise the bustle they have been engaged in may have occasioned, when they may be taken home.

Now, when a number of horses (say six or eight) are running at a country meeting, they mostly run heats. Some of the horses

will be ordered by their trainers to run for the first heat, while others of them may not be required to run this heat. The orders given to the jockeys who ride the last-mentioned horses is—to wait, and not to run for the first heat. These jockeys, therefore, follow as close to the horses that are in front of them as may be necessary to give to their own the opportunity to save their distance. The jockeys, having done this, take a pull at their horses, and allow them to go slowly up the distance; having passed the winning-post, they pull them about, and walk them back to the scales, dismount and weigh.

In describing the running of horses here, I confess I have digressed a little from my subject. I have done so merely to show my readers, that there is no danger to be apprehended from colts following race horses in concluding their races, as the course is invariably kept clear from the crowd, until the whole of the horses that may be running have passed on to the winning-post.

As we are now satisfied that our yearlings will boldly face the crowd when running, let us return to the subject of the yearling stakes, of which we made mention in the early part of this chapter. In these stakes we supposed to have been entered in due time one of the two yearlings we brought with us to the meeting, (the second best colt), the one that ran within three lengths of the colt that won at the two trials of the three classes of colts and fillies, and which we selected as being the best out of the twelve yearlings we tried in the last chapter.

Now, to ride our yearlings we will put up our own jockey, whom we know to be an experienced good rider; he is an honest man, and has long been in the practice of riding both young ones and old ones, in trials and races, under all the various circumstances in which such things are done. This man is consequently a good judge of what is called a racing pace; he is therefore fully capable of describing all the particulars of the running, in any race in which he himself may be engaged to ride. The instructions given by a trainer to a jockey, as to how he is to ride any colt or horse in a race, are termed "a jockey's orders." But as we are going to put upon our colt our own jockey, it will be more a matter of discourse between the trainer and the jockey, as to how the colt in question is to be ridden, than any very accurate or strict order to him on the subject.

Our jockey having brought himself down to the weight he is to ride, the trainer in the morning of the day the yearling stakes are to be run for, begins to converse with him as to how he wishes him to ride our colt in the race. He says to the jockey—"You must mind to get this idle yearling of ours well away with the rest of them from the start; as it is a short length you have to run, you must of course keep your place. But as our colt is not very likely to set-to of his own accord to run early in the race, you will be able to see what the rest of them are about, and which among them are likely to run honestly home. What I want you to do with our yearling is, to take as good a measurement as you possibly can of all the others. I would much rather you did this than that you

should call severely on our colt to come with a view to win the stakes, and perhaps, after all, you could only be second, which you know is the worst place you can be in, unless under certain circumstances, which we in the present instance have no occasion to trouble ourselves about. However, should there not be running enough made for our colt, you must begin making use of him sufficiently early in the race, so as to draw them out that we may know something about them."

Now let us, by way of example, suppose that six yearlings were entered in the stakes already named, and that they all came to post and ran ; that it was a close race with the two first, and that our colt was a tolerably good third, but that the three others were beat a long way, or rather that they were not placed. The race being over, the colts are taken home. Now, after a race is over, it is an invariable rule for each training groom to question his jockey as to how or what running may be made by different colts or horses that may be engaged in any race. I shall therefore relate the sort of conversation that may be supposed to take place between our trainer and his jockey on the race in question, not only as to how our yearling ran, but as to how the rest of them ran in this same race. The trainer, in talking the thing over privately with his jockey, says—" You all of you got a good start ; you appeared to me to be running at a good pace, and, as far as I could discern, I thought the whole of you kept pretty well together, until you were within about a distance and a half of home, so that you must have had a tolerably good opportunity of seeing what the rest of them were about. Were you third by choice or by sufferance ? How was the running between the first and second colts ? Was the colt that won called upon severely to come, or did he win easy ? As to the other three colts, they appeared to be fairly beat some way from home, and I suppose pulled off." The jockey, in answer to the trainer's questions, says—" The first part of the running was much as you saw it. The three colts that were last were beat for pace long before we made our run. The colt that won is a free, resolute sort of goer, the consequence of which was, his jockey had to keep fast hold of his head, and make the running for the whole of us. The colt that was second is also a ready comer ; when we were a little more than half a distance from home, the winner was here quietly called upon by his rider to come, when he immediately began running at a severe pace, and the colt that was second got well away with him. Our colt, being so very idle, I could not get him out near his best pace quickly enough to lay close up by the side of them, so that, in the commencement of the run home, they slipped me rather more than a length ; but I clearly saw how the running was ; it was a true run race between them, but I do not think it was accurately so with our colt ; for, after I had got him pretty well out, he kept his place in the run to the winning-post, and as they (the two jockeys that were in front) saw me persevering with our colt, when they commenced their run, they would naturally conclude, as I was third, that their colts were faster than ours, and

more particularly so, as they also saw I was obliged, in the early part of the running, to take an occasional pull at our colt to urge him on, merely to make him keep his place ; but as I did not in any part of the race call severely on our colt to come, he pulled up fresh and well. The colt that won, and the one that was second, appeared to me, as they walked back to the scales, to have been at all they could do ; and I am pretty certain, that, if they had much farther to have gone, at the pace they were at in the run home, they must in some degree have come back to me ; so that if our colt is not quite as fast as either of the other two, I am confident he is much stouter. Indeed, if you had not been so **very** anxious about the measurement of the five colts, I feel quite certain, that if I had made more use of our colt in the early part of the running, I could have won the race." The trainer, in reply to the jockey, says—"I have no doubt you could have won the race, but according to the running that was made by the other colts, you could not have ridden ours in a more satisfactory manner, to please me, than you have done. For it certainly is of more consequence to us, to have taken the measurement we have of the other colts, than that our colt should have won the stakes, and that we afterwards should have been left in ignorance as to the company he had been running in, which in all probability would have been the case. For had you, in the early part of the race, gone out in front of them, and made the running with our colt, which you must have done to have won with him, you could not then have had so good an opportunity of seeing whether it was a true run race or not with the whole of the other colts, and as our colt was placed but a middling third, the public, if they think anything at all about him, will form rather a bad opinion of him." Thus concludes the conversation between the trainer and his jockey.

The yearling race being run, and the meeting concluded, our two horses and our two yearlings are on the following day travelled off to the home stable. This brings us to about the middle of April, at which time it will be advisable for us to lay by for a short time our two yearlings. The one we have so high an opinion of, and that has not run in public, we will get ready to turn out by putting him into a cool loose box, and gradually stripping him of his clothes. On the first of May, his shoes being taken off, his feet being properly cleaned out, and the lower edges of the crust rasped round, we will, as we do not intend bringing him to post for some time, put him for a couple of months into a well-fenced paddock, in which there is a good supply of fine spring grass. In this paddock there is of course a water trough, and a well-ventilated loose house in which the colt may shelter himself from any severity of the weather. The house is to be kept clean, and properly littered as occasion may require, under the superintendence of the groom or head lad ; the colt we put here is to be regularly and plentifully fed with corn every day, by the boy who looks after him. He may also have daily, if he is inclined to eat it, some hay.

The yearling we have been running in public, we have described

as being an idle, gluttonous colt, and, from the work he has been doing, he may be considered as being a little stale. But, as this colt is tolerably well engaged, and will have to come to post as a two-years old in the autumn, we cannot afford to lose more time in refreshing him than is absolutely necessary. Therefore, instead of turning him out into a paddock for a couple of months, we will take off his shoes, put his feet to rights, put some standing clothes on him, and turn him into a clean, ventilated, and constantly well-littered loose box ; here, at the accustomed stable hours, he is to have his usual allowance of corn, to be wisped over, his mane and tail combed out, his legs rubbed, and due attention paid to his feet. For the first three weeks or a month of his remaining in this box, he is to be plentifully fed on green food, as vetches, lucern, or clover grass. Those grasses, whichever may be used, should be cut daily, and a rubber full or two given every stable hour by the boy who looks after the colt. For what purposes green food is to be given to colts and horses, see a previous chapter.

In the last seven chapters, I have described how yearlings are to be taught, trained, tried, and run. If the whole of the practical observations here laid down are carefully attended to by the reader, in the management of his yearlings, according as their constitutions may vary, I have no hesitation in saying, that he will find his colts will, in every respect, progressively come into that state of condition in which they ought to be when brought out to run, in either their trials or races. If such yearlings be kind in their tempers, they will, if properly ridden, be capable of running honestly for the length they have to come, that is, as they are not very cunning at this early age, they will fairly shew what speed or stoutness they may each possess ; unless, indeed, there are any very big ones among them, which may probably require more time to bring them into that fit state of condition, which will enable them to shew what racing powers they may have.

The two colts we just now placed in situations to get fresh, we shall return to bye-and-bye, when they are two years old. The whole of the subject, on the treatment of them as yearlings, is, therefore, concluded.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES GORDON LENNOX,

FIFTH DUKE OF RICHMOND, LENNOX, AND AUBIGNY, K. G.

THE subject of our sketch (for want of space will prevent our giving a full-length likeness), was born on the 3rd of August, 1791, and succeeded to his father's titles and estates in August, 1819. At an early age the present Duke, then Mr. Lennox, was sent to Mr. Horn's school at Chiswick, where he remained for a few months ; he was then removed to Westminster, where he became

a boarder at "Glover's," afterwards "Mother Packs," or strictly speaking, Mrs. Packharness's, in Great Dean's-yard. Among his youthful contemporaries may be mentioned two, with whom in after life he was connected in the government; namely, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham, the present Secretary of State for the Home Department. There were others too of noble lineage and first-rate talents who might be mentioned, if space permitted, as companions of his boyish days. One, however, we must allude to, who, although there might be a blot upon the escutcheon of his birth, he being the reputed son of the late Duke of York, was in himself the very soul of honor. We speak of Lifford, the noble, gallant, open-hearted, generous youth, the friend from infancy to riper years of the subject of this sketch. When these two "cronies," the Orestes and Pylades of the school, took leave of one another at the door of the old abbey, vowing mutual attachment and devotion, and while their eyes "dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum," little did they dream that within a short period they should again meet, and be reunited in the bonds of friendship, which remained unsevered until death. Such was the case; Lifford was appointed to an ensigncy in the gallant 52nd, then in the Peninsula, and shortly afterwards his noble friend, the present duke, then Earl of March, also left England to join the staff of the Duke of Wellington. Poor Lifford was severely wounded at Redinha, and died at Coimbra. Whilst lingering upon a bed of sickness, from which he never rose, he became feverishly anxious for the receipt of intelligence from home. His friend March heard of it, and no sooner did the mail arrive at head quarters from England, that he despatched a messenger with his letters to the dying sufferer; nay, more than this, he obtained leave of absence, and joining his old school-fellow, solaced his latest hours. With Lifford's last breath he urged his friend to deliver into the hand of the Duke of York his trusty sword and sash. Need we add that this injunction was implicitly followed by the survivor, who, upon his return to England, placed the melancholy relics into the hands of the reputed father of his lamented comrade? Return we to our young hero, who having entered the army as ensign in the 8th garrison battalion, was now (1810) in his eighteenth year, doing duty upon the staff of the "Conqueror of conquerors." Here he remained until the year 1814, having been present with his chief at the battles of Busaco, and Fuentes D'Onor, the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Pyrenees, first storming of St. Sebastian, and action at Vera. In January, 1814, Lord March quitted the duke's staff to do duty with the gallant 52nd, in which regiment he had during the previous year been appointed to a company. Within a month of joining that distinguished corps, he was severely wounded at Orthes, whilst in command of his company. The Duke of Wellington felt deeply upon this occasion, and wrote letters of condolence to his parent in England, which did credit to the great warrior's feelings. Youth and a sound constitution did wonders for the young soldier, who, although for some days was

given over, speedily rallied, and recovered sufficiently to join his chief at Toulouse, the very day after that battle. From thence he went to Coa, the head quarters of the 4th division, where he remained until his return to England. In 1814, when a British force was sent to occupy Belgium, Lord March was appointed aid-de-camp to his former brother staff officer, the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland. He was present with this prince at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and upon his chief being wounded, gained permission to join the head quarters of the army, then on their way to Paris, and was immediately replaced on Wellington's staff. Here he remained during the occupation of the city of "frivolities" by the allied armies. He then joined the 52nd, with which regiment he did duty until 1816, when the 2nd battalion, to which he belonged, was disbanded. In the following April the present duke married Lady Caroline Paget, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, and by her has the present Earl of March, MP. for the western division of the county of Sussex; Lord Henry, Alexander, George; and the ladies Caroline, Augusta and Cecilia Gordon Lennox. The present duke assumed the additional surname of Gordon at the decease of his maternal uncle George, fifth and last duke of Gordon, who died in 1836, and whose property in Scotland descended, by the will of the fourth duke of Gordon, to his grandson, the present Duke of Richmond. In Mason's description of Goodwood—a book we strongly recommend to any of our readers who may take an interest in the Richmond family—we find the following paragraph referring to Lawrence's celebrated portrait of the duchess:

"In the delineation of female beauty Lawrence peculiarly excelled; and in this admirable production he has conferred to his canvas not only the grace and eloquence of his subject, but the animated expression of a refined intellect, and the calm dignity of domestic purity and moral excellence."

And this is no exaggerated panegyric; for the Duchess possesses every quality that can grace the female character, added to a beauty that can find no compeer. As a tender and devoted mother, as an affectionate wife, as a kind-hearted and generous friend to all who have the happiness of knowing her, her Grace shines forth pre-eminently great. The "vanities of worldly pleasures" rattle not in her heart; her home, her children, and the husband of her choice engross her whole attention. Of her we may say, with that dark-eyed maid of Judah, Jessica—

" Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And (Richmond) one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

To return to the subject of our memoir. Lord March possessed every requisite to make an efficient aid-de-camp: he was young, active, energetic, and brave, with judgment far above his years. As a regimental officer, too, he was no less meritorious; and upon every occasion did his duty to the satisfaction of his supe-

rior officers. In the days we write of there was no "playing at soldiers." The Duke, like his brave prototype of the seas, expected "that every man would do his duty;" and few of the "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," are aware of the dangers, privations, and hardships that the officers, as well as men, underwent in the Peninsular campaign. Nor were the commander-in-chief's staff exempt from these onerous burthens; and if we required a proof that the gallant bearing of our ancestors has not degenerated in our days, we should find it in the fact, that the scions of our most noble houses were ever foremost at their posts in the hour of danger. Taking alone the Duke's personal staff, we find upon it the princely Orange; two noble Plantagenets; the chivalrous Somerset; and the gallant Worcester; the high-minded March, his trusty and honored brother George Lennox; the daring Harry Percy; Canning and Gordon, who both fell at Waterloo; and one of the truest hearts Scotland ever gave birth to, Colin Campbell. But to our subject.

The Duke's political life commenced in 1812, when he first entered the House of Commons as member for the city of Chichester, and which honorable situation he held until 1819, when he took his seat in the House of Lords. In 1830 the Duke accepted the office of postmaster-general, with a seat in the cabinet under the government of Earl Grey. Not one of his Grace's bitterest enemies, if he happens to have one, could detract from the admirable manner in which he conducted the department over which he presided. As a politician the Duke is a friend of church, queen, and state, and an enemy to abuses. His manner of speaking is very captivating; and he never touches upon any subject of which he is not completely the master. As a chairman of a public meeting (to use an American phrase) his ditto can scarcely be found anywhere. He possesses a fund of anecdote and good humor, which he brings to bear upon every question that may arise, and never allows a word to escape his lips that could in the slightest degree irritate or wound the feelings of any individual. In early life his Grace shone brilliantly forth as a sportsman: he was an expert cricketer, an excellent shot, and a forward rider to hounds. Unfortunately for him, the "ball" he received at Orthes put a stop to all his athletic amusements, and the turf and the gun are alone left to furnish amusement for his Grace's leisure hours.

It is owing to the Duke's exertions, aided by those of Lord George Bentinck, that Goodwood races have been raised to their present pre-eminence. We can remember the period when a walk over, a race for a fifty pound plate, by some three or four wretched animals, and a hunter and cocked-hat stakes, ridden by gentlemen jockeys, formed a day's sport; the stand was then little better than a barn, and the "high-bred cattle" that ran only fit for a straw-yard. Now, no race-course in the United Kingdom can vie with Goodwood for sport or company; but it would be tedious as a twice-told tale to enlarge upon the merits of a meeting which is so well known to the sporting world. His Grace has had a fair share of success upon the turf, and has carried off one

great race—the Oaks—with Gulnare. The numerous cups, including that given by his late Royal Highness the ever-to-be lamented Duke of Orleans, which decorate the side-board at Goodwood, prove that the stud have done their duty. The honors that have rewarded his Grace's services in the field and senate are the Garter, the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county of Sussex, and the Colonelcy of the Royal Sussex Light Infantry Militia. In 1833, the warm-hearted sailor king, William the Fourth, who felt a strong personal attachment for the duke, appointed him to be one of his militia aids-de-camp, a situation which he still has the honor to hold under our present most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. It almost seems as if the honorable distinction of the Order of the Garter was an heir-loom in the Lennox family, every one of the Dukes of Richmond having held it; and, judging from the knowledge we have of the next heir, we think we may venture to prophesy that he will, in due course of time, be admitted to the order. May that period, however, be far distant; for, much as we respect the son, we cannot spare the sire. In conclusion, we feel assured that every British sportsman will feel gratified at the spirited likeness that graces our frontispiece: it is an admirable portraiture of the Duke; and if in this brief sketch we have failed to do justice to the subject of it, our excuse must be that—in the few pages allotted to us in a work like the present—it is almost next to an impossibility to give more than a faint outline of a life that has been brilliant and untarnished, and which has ever been usefully devoted to the interest of the nation, at home and abroad, and to the welfare of the noble family of which his Grace forms so distinguished a head.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for October, 1844.

D Y C E R ' S H O R S E R E P O S I T O R Y , THE DUBLIN TATTERSALL'S,

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENTERPRISING ENGLISHMEN.

"Instead of America, try Ireland—you may go farther and fare worse."

MR. EDITOR—Ever solicitous to increase friendly relations between the Sister Isles, I lay before your Readers the success of an English family in Dublin, and as Horses were the instruments of it, the Sketch will not be misplaced in MAGA.

About twenty-six years ago a young Englishman named Edward Dycer took in Grafton Street a small Livery Stable, now the Veterinary Hospital of his son. His means were very slender, but his obliging manners and satisfactory mode of doing business soon made for him sufficient to enable him to take an extensive concern

in Stephen's Green, which he enlarged from time to time, and it is now five times the size of Tattersall's in its best days.

Dycer soon distanced all competitors: his 230 stalls and commodious boxes were well filled, and he rapidly made what in Ireland is called a large but anywhere would be designated a considerable fortune. He died suddenly in the prime of life and height of prosperity. His brother, Mr. C. Dycer, then took the management of the Establishment, and managed it very cleverly during the minority of Mr. Dycer's sons: he paid a large sum for it by the year. When he resigned it some months ago, the customers of the Establishment in a few days subscribed 100 guineas, and presented to him a neat service of plate with a suitable inscription. He has retired to his native county in England with a comfortable independence. This is the second fortune made in a short time in the same concern, and none can be better conducted. It is gigantic, but goes on like clockwork.

Many Gentlemen keep their horses there the whole year, Dublin being central as to the Meets of the numerous Packs of Hounds in the Metropolitan Counties.

The forage is always of the best description and in every possible variety. The covered-rides are long and good; the riding-school and carriage-mart extensive. A sick horse is instantly removed, from fear of contagion, to the hospital-stables in another street: a night-man is kept on the premises to prevent danger from fire, &c., &c. The ostlers and riders are well selected, being all sober, steady, civil, and attentive men, or they would not be kept one day. The charges are moderate. Between sales and livery charges the income must be very large, for there are from fifty to sixty persons in Mr. Dycer's employment. The cash department is under the management of Mr. Charles M'Donald, who deservedly enjoys the full confidence and good will of every one who has a dealing with the Establishment whether as a buyer or seller. A few weeks ago he received a letter, signed by several highly respectable Gentlemen, expressing the approbation of his conduct, and presenting to him a very handsome silver snuff-box, with an inscription highly creditable to him.

An establishment must be well managed when the head of it and the chief clerk receive presents of plate from the public.

Mr. E. Dycer, Veterinary Surgeon, eldest son of the original proprietor, now presides. He is universally liked for his mild manners, obliging habits, and close attention to his business. He holds the Government appointment of Veterinary Surgeon to the Horse Police. The three-day Auction business is right well managed by Mr. Harris.

In Dycer's yard one may see the Peer and the farmer, the Lord Lieutenant's Aid-de-Camp, the tradesman, the Dragoon officer, the citizen, the dragsman, the dealer, the professional, and the Sporting Gentleman—in fact, all classes. I have occasionally seen in the yard a grave Judge or two—not only judges of law, but of horses. Talking of Judges brings to my recollection the late Chief Justice Bushe, who was a capital horseman, and kept the best

class of hunters. I remember his selling a fine grey horse to Lord Jersey for £300. I cannot help adding, that Mr. Bushe was an honor to human nature—an upright Judge—a patriot—a man of great talent—a *bon-vivant*—a Sportsman—kind-hearted—enlightened—merciful—just—aye, and jovial. The only thing that consoles Ireland for his loss is his having left amongst us some worthy scions of the valued stock, as much regarded as was their excellent parent. The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is another of our Judges who likes a noble looking horse, and he never ought to mount any other, as he is one of the finest specimens of manhood in this Empire—to know is to respect and regard him.

I claim the merit of having convinced Mr. Dycer that it is expedient to open a Waiting-room on his extensive premises for the convenience of his numerous customers, many of whom come from England. In this room, buyers and breeders, sellers and Sportsmen, will find information on all subjects connected with horses. The amateur of sports, the traveller, the English visitor will at a look learn what amusements are *in prospectu*. At present these classes may hunt through all the Livery Stables, and go over all files of newspapers, without being wiser, and lose sports which may be within a few miles of them, unless by chance they see the particular newspaper in which races may be on a particular day advertised.

Coming Steeple-races will be notified, and past ones accurately described: thus there will be a record of events in Sporting, of which there is at present only carelessly drawn and incomplete newspaper information. It will be very advantageous to both buyer and seller that there should be an authentic place for ascertaining the pedigree and performances of Steeple-race horses offered for sale. Racing Calendars, Stud Books, and *your prized Publication* will be taken. It will also be most convenient to country Gentlemen to have a place to write their letters and get their parcels addressed to. A pound a year subscription will cover all charges inclusive of stationery. Several Gentlemen of high respectability, Masters of Fox-hounds, &c., whom I addressed on the subject, replied by requesting me to get their names at once put down as subscribers.

I am told that some fastidious persons suggested a ballot for admission to this room; but I have not heard the names of any of the parties who did so. Every man has a right to his own opinion, and I mean no disrespect to them, whoever they may be; but I cannot help remarking on the uncalled-for restriction and limit their measure would place on a public convenience, which should be as open to the whole public as the Stand on a race-course, the cabin of a steam-packet, public exhibitions, public libraries at Watering Places, the coffee-rooms of hotels and *tables-d'hote*, where the ballot Exclusive must sit at table with any decently dressed man, no matter how vulgar or low-born, who can pay for his dinner—yes, and do this for a month together.—The room will be a place of convenience, of business, of rest when waiting for a sale, of shel-

ter from rain ; not a Drawing-room, where men pick up new acquaintances ; not a Club for society, for play, or for politics : it will in fact be a large office—and who ever heard of an office for the Aristocracy ?

I recommend Exclusives to try the effect of a ballot on the waiting-room of the Great Western Railway Station at Slough, near Windsor, where the Cabinet Minister often breathes the same air with the cast off clothes man ; or get up a ballot at Tattersall's for his Room, where the Duke rubs against the Jockey now, nor feels his Pedigree imperiled or dignity impaired.

A real Gentleman is a fearless animal ; a fine Gentleman, a nervous one ; but a superfine gentleman is a walking lucifer-match—the least friction sets him blazing. Shade of the Illustrious Nimrod ! from such deliver your old friend.

MILESIUS.

P.S. Mr. Apperley (otherwise Nimrod) was on a visit with me at Melton in 1825 (see Annual Sporting Magazine of that date). I had infinite pleasure in giving him a mount, and so had our mutual friend, that Prince of all kind-hearted fellows, James Smith Barry, who, together with Mr. C. Bacon, of the 10th Hussars, formed "our mess." Nimrod speaks highly in the volume alluded to of the French artist who presided over our *cuisine* and of our caterer in the vineyards of Lafitte.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.

SPORTING LETTER,
FROM THE LATE EARL OF KINTORE TO THE LATE C. J.
APPERLEY, ESQ. (NIMROD)

LAST month it was our melancholy duty to record the lamented death of the first of the above distinguished sportsmen. Since then, in looking through some of the papers connected with this magazine, we found the following original letter written by his lordship to Nimrod, inviting Nimrod to visit him, to make the celebrated Scotch tour published in this magazine. To render the introductory part of the letter intelligible to those whose memory may not carry them back the ten years that have elapsed since it was penned, we may premise that Nimrod had just then finished an alphabetical list of celebrated sportsmen, under the title of the "Crack Riders of England," in which he had described his lordship as a thorough "enthusiast" in all matters relating to hunting.

This letter of Lord Kintore's is very sporting and characteristic, and will be read with interest by sportsmen in all parts of the world. The gentleman alluded to as the "old-un," who his lordship does not know how he gets on without his hounds, is that first-rate sportsman and companion, Mr. Nichol (better known

as Sam Nichol), who formerly hunted the New Forest. Lord Kintore, we believe, bought Mr. Nichol's hounds. After parting with them Mr. Nichol used occasionally to turn out in *mufti* with the late Mr. Villebois, and enliven the field with the quaintness of his good-humored remarks. Foster was Mr. Villebois' huntsman; Foote, if we recollect right, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's, afterwards Mr. Drakes'. The other characters need no "key."

Gask Kennel, Turriff, N. B., June 15.

DEAR NIMROD,—What will you do now your alphabet is finished? What would you say to come and take a look at the most rural of all provincials, eh? As far as an enthusiast, you do me but justice; but come and I'll be happy to show you that I can TIME that enthusiasm too. If you'll come to me then about the first of November, and work your way up, I'll be too happy to *shepherd* you this side of Tweed, and do what I can for you; and after you have been with me I'll take you to the shop of the man "vot walk'd" the 1,000 miles in the 1,000 successive hours over Newmarket. He'll also be delighted to see you, and he'll give you a ride, and perhaps, ask you to work also "this here" said Defiance coach of his. I travelled up by her lately, and as far as the coach is concerned, I think she'd go as steady without a load as with it. They have just got three London-built coaches. They perform their 120 miles in thirteen hours, and keep their "time" well (but will admit of a good many improvements yet). Still our friend THE Captain deserves great praise for having established the *best* coach this side of Tweed. Here I am, still hanging to the trade, and as fond on't as the day I went to hounds; a very good rural country for *its* extent, but it's but a narrow strip, bounded on one side by the hill, and on the other by *mare Atlanticum*, and barring *two*, without a sportsman. Still what SHOULD I do without them? The Duke of Buccleuch's large pack, FEW BETTER this side of Newark; about eight packs in all, your humble servant's about the fourth, for mind you, *preceptor meus'*, although they are very correct in their work, they would never stand the flags (*inspection*); and how could you imagine this when they are at *best* but *Beaufort DRAFTS*? How the old old-'un gets on without them I can't tell you, and time must occasionally hang heavy with him. He thoroughly knows the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, rarely, if ever, making a remark with old Villebois, further than sometimes exclaiming in the hearing of some exquisite swell unknown to him, "Foster! I thought I heard a hound BARK there. What vulgar unsportsman-like man was that who dared to address Foote in such cocknified lingo, eh?" All I can say is this, that at one time I hunted with them *all*, barring *south east*, and the *west* of England packs, from Johnny Groat's House to the "*Foret Noir*," and I did not see his equal; and, take all and all, England will be some time before they witness his like again. But the old school, I deplore to say, have now the drag on going down hill, and some of them without it; for instance, poor old Johnny and that stamp, they, like the three-parts-bred good English hunters, resemble the black swan—rarely to be met

with. There is no doubt, if you could *but* have the *substance* and *action*, that there's "nought" like the thorough bred *un's*; but they are not *to be got*; and as to hounds, I do think the **LARGE** strong bony dog the most *docile* and *tractable*, as also the *stadiest*. But country and *circumstances* always must be considered, for with old John Warde's hounds here the imperviousness of the gorse coverts would *choke* them; a middle-sized one *smeuses* to *his fox* much quicker, the former sort giving a wide-awake Charley fully a quarter of an hour's law sometimes, unless you are a fool who would ride to *two* couple of hounds without your body; as for me I never can enjoy it, unless they feed pretty well to head. Elcho has just taken part of a country that formerly belonged to William Hay, and will, depend on't, make a *first-rate workman*, the flash being over, and having become a *close, patient hunter*. I am also certain he'll be truly glad to see you, and do his best midst the *southern swells* for you; William Hay likewise. The duke's establishment ought to have been in *Northamptonshire*, where you are aware, he's a considerable proprietor; if HE is not, his brother is, I think. They have got a boy out of Pembrokeshire there. How will he take *after* old John Warde, Jack Musters, et cætera, eh? Rome was not built in a day, and it requires an apprenticeship, as you know too well. I wish you could say of me what Will Marshall, once whipper-in to the Duke of Cleveland's father, said to my father whilst in the *Greys*, and quartered at York, "It's a *nation* pity sir, thou wer't born a lord, for thou'dst a made a rare good huntsman." But come down and see this rural concern, and begin with the most rural first. I'll do my endeavor to please you, as far as fox-hunting fare and a hearty welcome goes, with as much or as little *gargle* as you like. But I am obliged to put the muzzle on now a days, for I can't work and enjoy it, nor can any man if he goes to the lush crib over night.

Think of this, and if you think it would suit your book, "by 't Mail," as they say in Yorkshire, is the best conveyance that time of the year. I've dispensed with Sharpe, the best countenance and in *manner* as respectful a servant as ever took off his hat to his master, but an old file for all that, and I've put on your old friend Joe Grant. If he don't make a kennel huntsman now, he never will; but as he is a capital hand outside of it, and knows well the hounds in all their work, I've little doubt he'll do right well.

Williamson with the Duke killed his fifty brace of foxes, and Mr. Walker in Fife (poor Tom Crane's successor), a very fair good season. Your humble servant about as bad a one as he's had these ten years; as long as Walker was my first lieutenant, a better never put on a hound to his master, and I do believe he's now as good a huntsman as any going in England at the present day, though I fear he's been a little spoilt in Fife. Still, if quickness, patience, and perseverance have aught to do with fox-hunting, Walker's got his share.

If, as Paddy says, the "*rint*" come in on the 20th of this month, I mean to have a lark for three weeks, and, *Deo volente*, propose being in London the 1st of July; with old Sam, at Alresford,

on the 5th; on the 7th, with Billy Wyndham; on the 9th, with old Codrington; on the 11th, with Horlock; on the 12th, with John Colley; on the 13th and 14th, with old Pryse Pryse; on the 15th, with old Mills; on the 16th, ditto; on the 18th, at Greenwich, with Lord Panmure, reaching, in all probability, the HOME kennel at *Keith Hall, N. B.*, a sufficient direction, on the 22nd. To this place let me have the pleasure of hearing from you, and believe me, dear Apperley, very truly yours,

KINTORE.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for October, 1844.

ARE THE TEETH A FALLIBLE OR INFALLIBLE CRITERION OF THE AGE OF THE HORSE?

BY J. SEWELL, M.R.C.V.S.

THIS is a question that from recent occurrences has given rise to a diversity of opinion—"and when doctors disagree, who is to decide?" If we refer to the various changes that take place in the teeth, as described by authors, or even to the different drawings and models which have at various times appeared for the instruction of the amateur, we shall find they are very shallow rules by which we can determine to a certainty the precise age of the animal.

The exact time at which a young horse changes his temporary or milk teeth, for his permanent or horse teeth, is subject to so much variation, and the appearances which other horses of a more advanced age present, are different, that it is impossible to obtain anything like a true knowledge of the subject, that by the inspection of a great variety of mouths of all ages; and even then, in my opinion, it may be possible that the most skilful observer may err. Common observation of the natural mouth tells us that the colt of two years and a half old, or thereabout, will be putting up his two middle permanent incisor teeth of the upper and lower jaw, indicating his becoming three years old; and between three and four the two adjoining teeth in each jaw; and between four and five the two last, or corner teeth, in each jaw; and the tusk appear between four and five: but there are marked variations from this general rule, under existing circumstances, hence comes the doubt how far the teeth can be certain indications of the precise age of the animal.

I have observed in the generality of common bred stock, foaled between the beginning of April and the end of June—that are living pretty much in a state of nature, on succulent food, to the end of three years old before they are handled—a considerable uniformity in the approach of their permanent teeth; and the age in

general may be told without contradiction. But man, for his own ends and purposes, has used such artificial means in the rearing and treatment of the young horse, that he has in a manner subverted nature's laws in this particular; and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see a two, three, and four years old colt, showing a three, four, or five years old mouth; that is, the teeth indicating those particular ages, will be up, and nearly matured, a full year before nature seems to ordain they should be. This may be seen in three parts of the young horses brought into the spring of the year as four and five years old, which are in reality only three and four. This deception is accomplished by pulling out the sucking-teeth at an early period. The mouth thus altered, I think comparatively easier of detection than the one which has obtained this forward appearance in its natural development.

The case is different in racing, or thorough-bred stock, inasmuch to some the object would appear of more advantage to make them, if possible, appear even younger than they really are. But "query," are not the peculiarities of nature so much altered in these young animals, by the early period in which they are foaled, the manner in which they are fed, and the early age at which they are broke and trained, as to occasion them to be more early matured in their general organization, and consequently their teeth to appear at a much earlier period (in many instances in colts) than bred as common stock? I have seen examples of this forward growth of the teeth, whereby the age might be doubted; and I have also seen the reverse of this, though a rare occurrence, where the colt had arrived at the age of three, and not moved a tooth. These variations are commonly considered the result of early or late foaling, but as likely to occur from peculiarity of constitution. This subject is one of an interesting description; and to any one in the habit of being much among thorough-bred stock, worthy of his investigation.

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PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY!

THE FASTEST TEN MILE RACE EVER RUN IN THE WORLD

OLD ENGLAND AHEAD!

Ten Miles in 54:21.

The great Ten Mile Foot Race which has so long occupied the attention of the Sporting World in this region, came off on the 19th Nov., and resulted in one of the most extraordinary performances of which we have any record. The celebrated Pierce Egan, in his work entitled "The Fancy," records a Ten mile race, in 54:53 ; this he claims to be the fastest time on record at this distance, and we are not aware that faster time has since been made in England, certainly not within several years ; yet on Tuesday last, when the course was far from being well adapted for making good time, one individual made still better, another the self same time, and six ran the ten miles within the hour !

We doubt if so many spectators have ever been assembled on an American race course as was present on this occasion. A single steam-boat from Albany brought down four hundred ; New Jersey, Long Island, and the river towns on the Hudson, furnished immense crowds, while this city sent over materials for an army three times larger than that with which Napoleon made his Italian campaign. From the head of the quarter-stretch quite around to the drawgate, the enclosed space was so densely crammed as to render it nearly impossible to clear a space wide enough for the pedestrians to run through, though they were preceded by a dozen men on horseback. Thousands filled the stands, but it would have required the Amphitheatre of Titus to have accommodated all.

The race was originally announced to come off on the 11th instant, but in consequence of the engrossing political excitement, it was postponed to Monday last. A further postponement was rendered necessary on account of rain the night previous, to Tuesday last—a clear cold day, with a bracing air. The course was sodden and damp, a circumstance much adverse to speed, and one calculated to render the feet and limbs of the pedestrian insensible, from checking the circulation of blood in the extremities. Moreover as a dozen horsemen constantly preceded the pedestrians, the course was not so smooth as it would otherwise have been ; at every step of the horses they cupped up a shoe-full of earth. No one doubts but that the time, unparalleled as it was, would have been still better, had the course been entirely clear of spectators. Nearly every one of the pedestrians was more than once thrown off his stride by the obstructions of the horses, or the crowding in upon them of the spectators.

The following were the entries, all of whom, with the exception of Bradley and Jackson, ran in the ten mile race which came off on the 16th Oct. last, over this course :—

John Gildersleeve, New York.	Thomas McCabe, Ireland.
John Barlow, England.	Joseph L. T. Smith, New York.
Thomas Grenhalgh, "	Thomas Ryan, Ireland.
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.	John Steeprock, Indian.
John Underhill, New York.	James Bradley, New York.
Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N. Y.	Thomas Jackson, "

To correct an impression which appears to have been entertained by some persons here, that GREENHALGH and BARLOW, the two Englishmen who have so greatly distinguished themselves, were pedestrians of little repute in their own country, we have referred to several volumes of "Bell's Life in London,"

in which we find that Barlow is not only nearly at the head of the ten milers of England, but that he is a trainer of pedestrians, as well; Greenhalgh, too, is "one of 'em," among the best runners at short distances, and it is the opinion of many shrewd betting men here that he can beat Barlow ten miles. We subjoin a few extracts from "*Bell's Life*," to demonstrate the opinion entertained of the men at home. The following paragraph appeared in that "*chronicle of the Sporting World*" of the 25th of Aug. last:—

"Departure for America.—JOHN BARLOW, alias "Tallick," of Cockey Moor, and GREENHALGH, of Walshaw-lane, two celebrated Lancashire runners, have set out on an experimental trip to New York, to prepare themselves for the ten mile spin over the Beacon Course, which is to take place in October, for \$600 dollars. Tallick has done 10 miles in tidy time, but Greenhalgh has never run so long a distance. It is hoped they will be well received across the Atlantic, and we have no doubt fair play will be shown to them."

The following performances have been gleaned at random from the files of "*Bell's Life in London*":—On the first day of July, 1844, Greenhalgh ran Openshaw, alias Cuckoo, four laps (one mile each) round Knutsford race course, for 50 pounds a side. Greenhalgh won easily by 20 yards in 21 minutes and 30 seconds. In May last he beat the veteran Tetlow, of Hollinwood, one mile and a half, easily, by 20 or 30 yards, for 25 pounds a side.

In June 1843, Greenhalgh beat James Kay, of Ramsbottom, a mile, by 20 yards, in 5 seconds under 5 minutes, (and less, it is said), for 10 pounds a side. "Thousands thronged to witness the race, as the fame of both had spread far and wide."

On the 10th of December, 1843, Greenhalgh was beaten by Hardacre, by 5 yards, in a race of a quarter of a mile, time 58 seconds. "Hardacre was brought out under the training auspices of the 'celebrated Tallick,' (Barlow), and the admirable appearance of his man, proved that Tallick had done ample justice to his newly-adopted art."

In November, 1843, Greenhalgh beat Cuckoo 15 yards, in a race of a mile and a half, for 30 pounds a side. The turf was extremely heavy and wet, and the time was 7 minutes 15 seconds, which was considered excellent under the circumstances.

On the 4th of Aug. last, Greenhalgh put forth challenges to various runners in England to run from one to two miles, none of which were accepted. He then departed for America.

[There is also in England a runner by the name of *James Greenhalgh, alias "The Flying Taylor,"* of Audinshaw, who has some distinction at short races.]

We annex a few facts relative to Barlow from the same source:—In December, 1842, Barlow and Byron ran four times round the course at Newton, for 50 pounds a side, in 24 minutes and 20 seconds, distance 4 miles and 996 yards. The ground was heavy, and Tallick won by 10 yards. It was considered "one of the most splendid specimens of pedestrianism that had been witnessed in Lancashire for the last 20 years."

In August, 1842, Barlow ran one lap round Newton course (one mile and 240 yards) with Charles Moseley, of Sheffield. The latter won in 5:28, but "*Bell's Life*" seemed to consider that this was a cross on the part of Barlow, and his backers declared off, under the impression that there was a screw loose.

On the 14th July, 1844, Barlow challenged Shepherd, of Birmingham, to run any length, from two miles upwards. It was not accepted.

Barlow's name appears frequently in *Bell's Life*, and he is always spoken of as a runner of distinguished reputation.

Of the other ten men entered for the race, GILDERSLEEVE, the winner of the one which came off over this course on the 16th of Oct. last, excited the most attention. He ran on that occasion *ten and a half miles and seventy-five yards* within the hour! [Greenhalgh and Barlow ran the 10 miles then in 57:01½, the latter not being a second behind the former.] He was in better condition on this than upon the former occasion, though now laboring under the effects of a cold caught in a trial early last week. He was as pale as the ghost of his majesty of Denmark, but full of confidence. He took a three mile spin on Tuesday, and five miles on Friday last, on the Long Island courses

—his only fast work of the week, we understand, having confined himself to walking exercise. STEEPROCK, the Indian, was as game a looking man to the eye as one meets in a month's travel. His muscle had the tension and hardness of whipcord; since his October race he has taken a great deal of work, and was manifestly as near up to the mark in condition as an ordinary trainer could bring him. In this respect Barlow and Greenhalgh had a manifest advantage; place Steeprock in the hands of a first rate English trainer, and we doubt if there is a man alive who can beat him at any distance over ten miles. McCABE we had great hopes of, until we learned that a few days after the October race he had "gone and got married." It was found out by his trainer on the following morning, and "a separation" ordered with a degree of celerity quite unknown in the practice of the Vice Chancellor's Court. Things went on very well for about ten days, when Master Thomas "stole away" again one night; whether this "set him back any" in his training, we did not enquire, but it almost put him out of the betting. Indeed, not a prominent man in the race has made a trial without being secretly watched by a host of touters; as nothing escaped their vigilance, the backsliding of McCabe was as well known all over town the next day, as if advertised in the newspapers. TAYLOR was in better condition than in his last race, when he ran the ten miles within two seconds of an hour, and could probably have made better time on this occasion than STANNARD did on Long Island in 1835, had not he been interfered with by the spectators on the last quarter of the 10th mile. Of the outsiders of "the extreme gauche," it is unnecessary to speak, save to correct some misstatements of our daily contemporaries, who will have it that CARLES and Ryan started, which they did not. THOMAS JACKSON, SMITH, and UNDERHILL, were the three individuals who made up the field to nine. Carles, Stannard, Parker, and several other fast ones, including several trainers, occasionally ran by the side of their favorites during the race, and it is to this circumstance, probably, that the errors alluded to are mainly to be attributed.

We should have stated previously that Greenhalgh and Barlow were in condition to run for a man's life. Both are extremely symmetrical in shape, and 24 years of age. Steeprock is 25 yrs., McCabe about the same, Gildersleeve 32 yrs. [For particulars of their height, weight, dress, etc., *vide* the Nov. number of the *Turf Register*.] The dress of the men was the same as in their last race; the two Englishmen were nearly as naked as Corregio's "St. John in the Wilderness," having their "loins girded" with a simple strip of linen, and a blue and yellow foggie about their heads. The Judges selected were J. PRESCOTT HALL, Esq., the President of the N. Y. Jockey Club, Mr. A. BARKER, and the Editor of this paper. Associated officially with them, as Timers, were MR. JAMES T. BACHE, of this city, and MR. JAMES BROWN, of the Eagle Course, Trenton. [Previous to the main race of the day, came off one at Three miles, for a Purse of \$200, which was won by AMBROSE JACKSON in 16:16, the record of which will be found subjoined].

Betting.—It is almost impossible to quote the odds, the betting was so various. The following bets were actually made by a keen speculator, and may be taken as the current prices among the heavy betting men in town:—\$200 even, on Gildersleeve and Barlow vs. the Field—\$250 to \$200, on Barlow vs. Gildersleeve—\$200 to \$80 vs. Steeprock—\$300 to \$200, that Gildersleeve ran the ten miles in 57 minutes. Among the "outside barbarians," \$50 to 30 was laid that neither Englishman won. One gentleman, who knew something about the trials of the men, laid out "a small pile" at 3 to 2 that he named the men who would win the five purses! And he won, too!

THE RACE.

After a false start, in which Barlow went off with a bulge like a quarter horse, Mr. Barker, (who stood on the course nearly in a line with the men,) gave the word "go." The two Englishmen jumped off with the lead, and in a few moments the whole nine were out of sight, the railing and both sides of the course being densely thronged, so that even at the start, the pedestrians had to "run the gauntlet." The Judges could only note the position of the leading man by watching that of several horses abreast. The three or four leading men kept pretty well together during the first mile, but their pace was so tremendous as to make a spread-eagle of the field, before the close of the

mile, which Barlow finished in 5:10, Steeprock being 2d, Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh 3d and 4th, close together; behind them came McCabe and Taylor; Underhill was some distance behind, and "Tow-head," as the boys called Smith, was already "nowhere"—i. e., he was not within a four mile distance. What "possessed" him to start at all is a mystery; he cannot run fast enough to tire himself. Barlow had closed his 7th mile before Smith finished his 6th; we overheard a little ragged Oliver Twist suggest to another incipient soap-lock the feasibility of improving his rate by setting a dog on him!

Second Mile: Barlow led in, closing the mile in 5:15, with Steeprock well up. They had already opened a gap on Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh; Taylor, too, had fallen in the rear, and McCabe appeared to have lost his stride. The leading men had reached the backstretch, before Underhill, Jackson, and Smith came through.

Third Mile: At the close of this mile, which he ran in 5:22, Barlow had opened a gap on Steeprock of near fifty yards; Gildersleeve seemed to have got his pores open, and to be going easier than ever, though Greenhalgh was near enough to him to have touched him with his hand, and looked as fresh as paint. Before reaching this point it was evident how the Englishmen had determined to run the race, which was after this wise:—Barlow was to cut out the work at a slashing rate, so as to knock up Steeprock if he kept pace with him, while Greenhalgh waited upon Gildersleeve; he and the Indian being deemed the only dangerous competitors. Had Barlow given back, Greenhalgh was ready at any time instantly to take his place. As Gildersleeve changed his rate of speed, so did Greenhalgh, keeping always within two feet of him; Barlow was satisfied he could beat Steeprock, and his only object in forcing the pace was to over-mark him; and this he would have done, but for the thews of steel and sinews of catgut of the gallant Indian. Had the latter declined, Greenhalgh would have laid with Gildersleeve until the last mile, and then have run in 1st or 2d, and the two Englishmen would have divided the two principal purses between them. Taylor, at the close of the 3d mile, was 250 yards behind, while Jackson gave up the contest. The three miles were run by Barlow, it will be seen, in 15:47, while Jackson won the previous race, at that distance, in 16:16, which goes to illustrate, in some degree, the fact, that a tip-top four mile horse can run mile or two mile heats successfully, with horses who only have reputation as winners at those distances. It is notorious that the fastest mile time made at the North, has been made by four mile horses in running four mile heats.

Fourth Mile: Barlow led in, doing the mile in 5:25, with Steeprock at least 60 yards in his rear. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh, the Siamese Twins came next, with McCabe a little closer to them than on a previous mile, Underhill here gave in. Taylor was a long way behind, and Smith had not reached the head of the quarter stretch.

Fifth Mile: Strong, steady, and precise as a steam engine, Barlow led in, running the mile in 5:28, having increased his gap on Steeprock, who appeared to "shie" occasionally like a horse kept in a dark stable, as he came in front of the Stand. WILLIS says the reason why Barlow ran so like a locomotive, was because he had an Indian-near behind him! No "fice dog in high rye" ever went at such a bat! The two G.'s were pretty well up with Steeprock, though they got no nearer Barlow; McCabe was yet a long way inside of his time, [ten miles an hour,] while Taylor might yet "fetch it," though nearly a quarter of a mile behind. The crowd nearly closed the lane through which the men were obliged to run before Taylor finished the mile, while nothing but the shouts of five thousand boys yelling "Stand back—Towhead's a coming," ever cleared a path for him through the dense and excited multitude.

Sixth Mile: This was run by Barlow in 5:31; he had widened the gap between himself and Steeprock at least 100 yards, the latter having been kept back by his trainer; unfortunately Steeprock cannot understand English or "the office" would have been given him to keep close to Barlow, as he wished to do; indeed he was badly advised, in our judgment, in both races. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh were now within about twenty yards of the Indian, but they were exactly forty seconds behind Barlow. The pace now began to tell on McCabe; Taylor, too, was a long way off but Stannard ran along by his side encouraging him to pull through and win his bets, which were "set" on his

running the ten miles within the hour. Smith here "gin in," much to the regret of the boys, though no betting man would match him against a tree!

Seventh Mile: It was go along every inch of this mile—run in 5:34. Barlow came through 200 yds. ahead of Steeprock and each was enthusiastically cheered. Steeprock made a rush down the back stretch in this mile, which forced the pace, but Barlow outfooted him. Gildersleeve increased his rate as soon as it was ascertained that Steeprock was leaving him, while Greenhalgh who was going like a trump kept up with him with as much apparent ease as a gentleman walks to his dinner. McCabe at this point was 200 yards behind Greenhalgh, and Taylor still further behind him.

Eighth Mile: Steeprock made such desperate exertions that Barlow did not widen the gap between them on this mile; it was run in 5:36. The indomitable game and immense speed of the Indian amazed Barlow as much as it did the spectators; not that Barlow was inclined to "cut it," as they say of a tired horse, for he seemed to have a great deal of running in him. Greenhalgh was on velvet so far as he was personally concerned; he knew he had Gildersleeve "safe as the Bank," and was only wide awake for the critical moment when the Indian should falter. But he was a little anxious for Gildersleeve's expected rush; he earnestly wished it and at once, for the Indian had opened such a gap on Gildersleeve that unless the latter began to close it forthwith he would have little chance to beat him, and so get the 2d purse, unless the Indian gave back. The two G's were now exactly a minute behind Barlow, while McCabe was tailed off a long way; Taylor was at least a quarter of a mile behind him!

Ninth Mile: After a tremendous burst down the quarter stretch, cheered on as he was by thousands, Barlow led in this time by more than 250 yards, running the mile in 5:35. Steeprock caused it by a rush he made on the rear of the course, in which, we are told by two of the oldest Northern turfmen, who were near him, that they never witnessed such an exhibition of speed. It was imprudent to endeavor to close so wide a gap in so short a distance, and resulted in Steeprock's overmarking himself; he was so much affected by it as to fall off materially in his rate. Gildersleeve and Greenhalgh were now over a minute behind Barlow, notwithstanding which a majority of the spectators expected to see them beat both the others. It seemed impossible for Barlow to keep up his rate, and Steeprock apparently was already in difficulties, and getting no better very fast. At this point McCabe was hardly in the quarter stretch at all, while Taylor was still "pegging away" on the rear of the course somewhere. Still every man as he came through was enthusiastically cheered, as the time of the slowest man in the race was nearly equal to the best Stannard ever made.

Tenth Mile: It was apparent that Barlow, barring accidents, had the race safe, upon his commencing this mile. An incomparable piece of machinery, instinct with life, is the only thing to which the rapidity and regularity of his style of going can be compared. Upon commencing the 2d quarter of this mile, "There goes Gilder," was the cry! For a moment we could neither distinguish him nor Greenhalgh, but at length through the interstices of the crowd lining the course, we recognised the yellow bird's eye foggie of Greenhalgh, fifteen or twenty yards ahead of the blue and white striped cap of Gilder. "Yes, he's got him—" *"in a horn!"* exclaimed a man on the roof of the Judges' Stand, as he proclaimed the precise position of the men. It was evident that Barlow was increasing his pace, but Greenhalgh, who had not yet run a yard, at his best, was now going like a scared dog! He was as fine as a star, and ripe for mischief when he finished the 9th mile, but finding Gildersleeve had not a brush in him left, he was obliged to make play alone after Steeprock. Gildersleeve, by a tremendous effort, "hurried the mourners" around the 1st quarter of the mile, where Greenhalgh ran up to his side, turned full upon him, exclaiming, "*Good bye, Gilder!*" and left him as if he was standing still! The next three quarters of a mile were run by Greenhalgh faster, we are persuaded, than the same distance was ever performed in this country. He gained forty seconds upon Barlow, though the latter run this mile ten seconds quicker than he did the 9th, that is, in 5:25. Greenhalgh must have run this mile in about 4:48!! Barlow beat Steeprock exactly 173 yards, while Greenhalgh was less than 90 yards (or 17 seconds) behind him. Had Greenhalgh made his run in the 9th mile instead of waiting for Gildersleeve, he would have beaten Steeprock and

won the 2d purse "as sure as shooting." Gildersleeve was a bad 4th, being about 212 yards behind Greenhalgh, but would have been closer to him, perhaps, had the space been entirely clear of the crowd. McCabe was a long way behind, and Taylor had not reached the head of the quarter stretch when Barlow came through; Stannard, however, clung to him like a blister to a mile-stone, encouraged him all the way, and by running in front of him and clearing a passage, finally pulled him through. He won his bets, that he would run the ten miles within the hour, "by the skin of his teeth" only, having only two seconds to spare.

Thus terminated, amidst the most tremendous cheers from all parts of the course, one of the most extraordinary pedestrian performances on record. "They won't believe this in England, even if you do print, Mr. P.," the winner remarked to us. Not one of these gallant fellows was greatly distressed. Yankee Sullivan caught Barlow up in his arms on his coming in, and rushed with him into the Judges' Stand, where he was immediately dressed and cared for. A close carriage was drawn up in the rear of this stand, into which, in a few moments, he was placed, having left the stand upon Sullivan's shoulders, waving his blue bird's-eye fogle in the air, amidst the most tremendous cheers. Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve were also immediately dressed, and in five minutes were walking about, exchanging congratulations with their friends. Steeprock left the course with us, and seemingly not more fatigued. All the parties were in town "knocking about" during the evening, and on the following day nearly all of them called at this office, looking as "fine as bug-dust," and feeling "like perfect catbirds."

Recapitulation--Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York City, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1844.—Purse \$1200, for running Ten Miles, to be divided as follows: \$700 to the 1st, \$250 to the 2d, \$150 to the 3d, \$75 to the 4th, and \$25 to the 5th in the race. Free for all pedestrians. Entrance \$5 each.

	MILES	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
John Barlow, Englishman.....		1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Steeprock, Indian		2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Thos. Greenhalgh, Englishman		4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3
John Gildersleeve, New Yorker.....		3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4
Thomas McCabe, Irishman.....		5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.....		6	5	6	7	6	6	6	6	6	6
Joseph T. L. Smith, New Yorker		8	8	9	8	7	7	*			
John Underhill, American.....		7	7	7	6	*					
Thomas Jackson, American		9	9	8	*						

* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile.....	5:10	Aggregate of Time	5:10
" 2d mile	5:15	" 2 miles.....	10:25
" 3d mile.....	5:22	" 3 miles.....	15:47
" 4th mile.....	5:25	" 4 miles.....	21:12
" 5th mile.....	5:28	" 5 miles.....	26:40
" 6th mile.....	5:31	" 6 miles.....	32:11
" 7th mile.....	5:34	" 7 miles.....	37:45
" 8th mile.....	5:36	" 8 miles.....	43:21
" 9th mile.....	5:35	" 9 miles.....	48:56
" 10th mile.....	5:25	" 10 miles.....	54:21

Barlow's time	54:21
Steeprock's "	54:53
Greenhalgh's "	55:10
Gildersleeve's "	55:51
McCabe's "	56:52
Taylor's "	59:58

We have alluded in another place to the best race on record in England, and here quote it from an elaborate sporting work entitled "The Fancy," published in London in 1826, and edited by PIERCE EGAN:

"Pedestrianism—Ten miles in 55 minutes were undertaken to be performed

" on Wednesday, the 10th of October, by Mr. MILES, an officer on half-pay, " at Nutfield, near Croydon, for a wager of 150 guineas. Odds at starting " were 6 to 4, and 7 to 4 against the performance, but time was beat by 7 se- " conds, and this feat ranks the *foremost* of its kind *this day*, upon the records " of the Fancy. He started at 7 o'clock in the morning, and stopped twice to " refresh during the match. He did his work as follows :

The first	two miles in 10 minutes 31 seconds
second two	" 10 " 52 "
third two	" 11 " 6 "
fourth two	" 11 " 10 "
fifth two	" 11 " 14 "
	— —
	54 53

On the 20th of March, of the same year, Mr. RATHEY, a gentleman of fortune, started to run ten miles in 56 minutes, for a stake of 200 sovereigns. He was in training but a fortnight ; nevertheless, he won by 10 seconds, and it was considered a first-rate performance. The ground chosen was 2 miles on the Edgeware-road, and was run over as follows—viz. :

Miles.	Minutes.	Seconds.
2 -----	11 -----	6
2 -----	10 -----	40
2 -----	11 -----	0
2 -----	11 -----	4
2 -----	12 -----	0
—	—	—
10	55	50

THE THREE MILE RACE.

Previous to the Ten Mile Race, the following spin at Three Miles came off at 1½ o'clock—the main race commenced at 3 o'clock. The purse was \$200, of which the 2d in the race received \$50. The entries were—

Ambrose Jackson, England,	Stephen Morgan, New Yorker,
William Fowle, Hoboken, N.J.,	Wm. Carles, Yorkville, N.Y.,
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut,	Edward Brown, New Yorker,
Eli Parker, Indian,	Lewis Edwards, Hoboken,
Thos. Greenhalgh, England,	John Steeprock, Indian,
David Myers, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	

It will be seen that three of the above—Taylor, Greenhalgh, and Steeprock—reserved themselves for the main race. Indeed, up to the moment before starting, it was supposed by the public generally that Greenhalgh was to start for the Three mile race, which circumstance will account for his not being named in the betting on the main race. Four only of the eleven came to the post, Fowle, Jackson, Myers, and Brown. Of these, Fowle had the call in the betting ; indeed, he was heavily backed vs. the field. Brown was lamed a few days previous by treading on a nail, yet determined to start.

The Race.—Jackson led off, making strong play down the rear side of the course, with Fowle 2d, but before reaching the head of the quarter stretch Brown overtook them, and after a spirited contest came in front ; he led in, running the mile in 5:10, and then stopped. On coming into the Judges' stand it was found that his foot was much swollen and inflamed. During the next half mile Jackson and Fowle ran side by side, and the former finally got the best of it and led in (time of the mile 5:40), with Fowle within a yard of him. Myers here gave up the contest. In the course of the 3d mile Jackson was accidentally hit in the side by the elbow of a man who was attempting to clear the way for him, and Fowle was thrown off his stride by running against a horse. Jackson ran the 3d mile in 5:26, and won by nearly twenty yards. The time of the 3 miles was 16:16. Jackson on coming in was unaccountably distressed, falling into the arms of his trainer completely exhausted. In ten minutes, however

he came round, and in half an hour was quite recovered. Fowle lacked foot but was quite fresh on coming in. Had the race been a quarter of a mile longer he must have won cleverly, for he had his man dead beat.

Recapitulation :—

<i>Beacon Course, N. J., Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1844—Purse \$200, of which the 2d best received \$50. Three miles.</i>				
Ambrose Jackson.....	2	1	1 Time of 1st mile.....	5:10
William Fowle	3	2	2 " " 2d mile	5:40
David Myers	4	3	* " " 3d mile	5:26
Edward Brown	1	*	Whole time	16:16

Since the races reported above a great number of challenges have been given by the friends of the parties. Steeprock's friends offered, on the evening of the race, to match him for \$1000, to run ten miles against any man in it. As no match could be made, on the following day he left for home, near Buffalo, N. Y., where a portion of his tribe—the Seneca—is located. Subsequently Barlow's friends rallied and bounced a little, but it was too late. A new party came into the field with Greenhalgh for their champion, and talked of a match for \$5000. Had it been offered to come off within a fortnight, Steeprock's friends here would have accepted it. But the lateness of the season admonished all parties to give over another race this season, and the match has at length been suffered to drop.

Barlow and Greenhalgh return to England in the packet ship "Roscius" on Tuesday next, having since their short stay here won \$1 235 in purses alone on the Beacon Course. They desire us to express their grateful acknowledgments for the uniform courtesy and kindness they have received here from the press, the Sporting World, and the public generally. And we here take great pleasure in assuring their friends at home, that during their visit to this country, they have borne themselves with such a degree of propriety as to have won the good wishes of all, and acquired a host of friends who will extend to them a cordial welcome should they determine hereafter to repeat their visit.

Of the \$1200 purse for Ten Miles, it will be seen that Barlow received \$700, Steeprock \$250, Greenhalgh \$150, Gildersleeve \$75, and McCabe \$25. Taylor, having won all his bets, "made a good thing of it," though he failed to pick up either of the purses. Stannard could have won the purse for Three Miles like falling off a log, but as Greenhalgh was expected to start for it, he declined to enter. Of all the men in the field, Gildersleeve not excepted, Steeprock, the Indian, commanded the warmest sympathy. We are told that he bears a high character at home for integrity and industry. The fact of his inability to understand English, his want of condition, and his extraordinary performance in the former ten mile race under such circumstances, induced the warmest good wishes of all for his success. He was enthusiastically cheered whenever he came in front of the stands. His action has manifestly improved since his former race, and he will be matched to run 10 to 15 miles here, next Spring, against any man in the world, for \$5,000!

AN IRON LIFE-BOAT.—About twelve months ago a subscription was raised at Havre for the construction of an iron life-boat. This boat being finished, was a short time ago submitted to trial in the presence of a committee appointed for the purpose, who declared it to be perfect; and, consequently, it is now placed at the port for service, in case of need. It is built of cast-iron sheets, is 26 feet 3 inches in length, and 5 feet 3 inches in breadth. The reservoir of air is divided into three compartments, perfectly distinct from each other, so that any accident happening to one of them would not destroy its buoyancy. Self-acting valves let in or out such quantities of air as may be required to preserve its equilibrium, according to the weight with which it may be charged, and, by means of a water-proof cloth, so arranged as not to confine the motions of the rowers, excludes the possibility of its being swamped by shipping water.

THE BEST FOOT RACE OF THE SEASON.

JOHN BULL versus BROTHER JONATHAN.

A Benedick and Game, no match for a Bachelor and Condition !

TWELVE MILES IN 68:48.

The specimen of "tall walking" exhibited on the 16th Dec., over the Beacon Course, has demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of all who witnessed it that GREENHALGH and GILDERSLEEVE are the two best pedestrians, at long distances, that have been seen in this country. We have all along expressed the opinion that Greenhalgh was the best man of those who crossed the Atlantic expressly to run in the October race, and that opinion has been amply confirmed. *The best man has got the money*, and while every one must be gratified with the fact, few will be unconcerned to hear that it goes into the pockets of a manly, honest fellow, who appears to be entirely worthy of the good feeling he has created for himself. Though defeated, Gildersleeve has suffered no loss of reputation ; his indomitable game and surpassing speed were never displayed in bolder relief than in this last extraordinary performance. But age will tell. Gildersleeve is not only Greenhalgh's senior by eight years, but he has been several years married and engaged in mechanical pursuits inconsistent with pedestrianism, while the Englishman has for years made that his profession. And we do the latter simple justice in remarking that no one entertains a higher appreciation of Gildersleeve's remarkable powers, than himself. "He is the best man I ever started with," was Greenhalgh's frequent remark after the race.

The day was intensely cold, with a piercing wind, and the course as hard as a flint. Some idea of the state of the weather may be formed by our distant readers when we state that we saw crowds of boys skating on the Hoboken meadows, on our way to the course ; about the hedges were patches of snow, and during the race it "snew, and blew, and friz, horrid," as Tom Hood has it. Every gentleman wore the collar of his overcoat turned up about his ears, and the stamping and dancing to keep warm was most amusing. Many of the Artful Dodgers who "run with the Engines" or "Kill for Keyser," gave capital imitations of Jim Crow and Master Diamond ; but they are notoriously as "tough as a boiled owl," and would not have missed seeing Gilder run had it been cold enough to freeze the ears off a Norwegian dog !

The betting was confined to Greenhalgh and Gildersleeve, exclusively, the former being the favorite at about 100 to 60. Just before the start the odds fell off a point, Gildersleeve's friends having rallied under an impression that his condition was more perfect than Greenhalgh's. He had been trained under cover—at the Rope Walk near the Union Course, L. I.—since his former race, while Greenhalgh was trained at Hoboken. Both looked extremely well and were quite confident. Greenhalgh ran nearly nude, as before, with a yellow bird's eye fogle about his head : his legs and body from the waist up were quite naked. Gildersleeve wore a striped silk night cap, a blue silk shirt and flesh colored silk drawers. The Judges—Mr. A. BARKER and the Editor of this paper—having made the necessary arrangements, gave the signal for the competitors to come to the post. Gildersleeve soon issued from a private room in the Club Stand, accompanied by his trainer, and Mr. Browning, the proprietor of the course. Greenhalgh who was in a close carriage in the rear of the Judges' stand, immediately peeled, and the two champions met in the Judges' stand in high spirits. The other three entries, at the eleventh hour, determined not to start. This being announced to the two cracks they shook hands heartily in

great good humor, evidently pleased that they were to have the fun all to themselves. On stripping to the buff Greenhalgh's skin shone like a mirror, and his flesh was as firm as the forearm of a high mettled racer. Gildersleeve's grasp as he shook hands with us, made our fingers tingle, while the expression of his brilliant eyes betrayed entire confidence in himself, and the most unflinching gamecock determination.

We should here premise that previous to the Twelve Mile Race, a spin at Four Miles came off, the result of which will be found subjoined. It is proper to mention, too, that two or three thousand persons broke through the palings into the course; most of them congregated in front of the stands, where they were joined by a thousand more, so that it was with great difficulty that a gauntlet could be kept open by mounted officers wide enough for the men to run through. The stands were far from being so crowded as usual, owing to the severity of the weather, but their occupants were of the better classes of society, including a great number of gentlemen of the highest respectability.

A space having been cleared in front of the Judges' stand, the two men instantly took their places. "Which is Gilder?" was the cry. "What an odd looking joker!" "Hallo! There's Greenhalgh!" "Which is him, pray?" "Why, the tallest one, stupid." "Does he run *naked*?" "In course he does—as stark naked as 'three white aces' and I should like to hold 'em jest *wurst*, at a hundred dollars ante, I should!" "I'll lay you 25 to 15 *again* Gilder!" "No you don't, my sweet scented shrub!" "Well, 10 to 5 then, just for grandeur!" "Don't you wish you may get it!" "I'll take yer!" exclaims another. "Gilder's the boy wst oughter won afore, only didn't." "Gilder" and "the Englishman"—"Greenhatch," "Greenhawk"—"Blue Shirt," "No shirt," were at the tip of every tongue. One could not ask "what's o'clock," without being answered "10 to 6!" and if you only looked a man hard in the face he roared out "Done, Sir!" Such difference of opinion, such interest and betting, such shouting and stamping, made up a scene that will not soon be forgotten. Half the people's hearts were in their mouths, and the pitiless cold was forgotten in the anxiety to see

THE RACE.

At the word "go," Gildersleeve jumped off, with a lead of about a yard, Greenhalgh running on the inside, quite as close to the palings as the dense crowd would allow. Upon getting into straight work at the head of the back-stretch, there is a slight descent in the ground, and here Gildersleeve almost invariably increased his lead a few feet: upon the rising ground near the half-mile post, which is situated near the end of this straight stretch, Greenhalgh usually closed the gap, running within reach of his man around the turn, and stepping exactly in his tracks as they came down the quarter stretch to the stands. The time of the 1st mile was 5:53, Gildersleeve coming through less than a yard ahead.

Second mile: It commenced snowing slightly in this mile, during which one of the patrols forgot himself so far as to turn his horse directly in front of the two pedestrians, which nearly brought them to a stand still. Mr. Browning dismounted him instanter and put up Yankee Sullivan in his place. Time of this mile 5:57.

Third Mile: The same relative position was maintained throughout. In order to keep themselves warm, the pedestrians were followed "on a keen jump," by more than five hundred spectators, filling up the entire space, the whole being preceded by a dozen mounted patrols; near the close of the mile it commenced snowing smotly, and odds were offered on "good sleighing before night." This snow storm sensibly affected the pace, which declined in this mile to 6:02.

Fourth Mile: Opposite the 1st quarter post Gildersleeve suddenly opened a gap of two or three yards, but Greenhalgh closed it handily: Gilder again tried it on, but there was no getting away; he led in as before, closing the mile in 5:59.

Fifth Mile: A gleam of sunshine burst forth suddenly, and the pace mended to the head of the quarter stretch, when the sky became again overcast, and there was another sprinkle of snow: the mile, notwithstanding, was performed

in 5:50. As he passed the stand, Gildersleeve remarked to his trainer that he *felt pretty good!* "You're one of 'em," was the response!

Sixth mile: The sun, for an instant, broke out cheerily, and produced an evident effect upon the pedestrians, who made play at once at a slashing rate. No "bellows to mend" in either as they came through: both looked full of running. The time of the mile was 5:33, the best time yet made in the race.

Seventh Mile: Gildersleeve opened a slight gap on getting into the backstretch, but Greenhalgh closed it before they reached the next turn, and followed Gilder in, waiting upon him within arms length; time 5:40.

Eighth Mile: Both appeared to be going quite at their ease, but mutually apprehensive and wary. Their action or style of running is much alike; Gildersleeve being a shorter man, raises his knees higher, in order to cover more ground; his lower limbs are quite short in proportion to Greenhalgh's; one is "poney built," so to speak, while the other has the "daylight under him" of a leggy English colt; each runs with his elbows closely pressed into his sides, with very little swing to the hands, which are firmly clenched. Their "gait" is not unlike that of a Canadian racking horse. Greenhalgh runs as it were, close to the ground, while Gildersleeve has the dashing, bold action of Ripton; he runs with his head well up, while the other rather looks down, never turning his head or eyes for an instant to the right or left. They closed the eighth mile in 5:40, not quite so slow as a top.

Ninth Mile: No change in pace nor position, and it looked to be anybody's race yet. The excitement increased, and the crowd was noisier than ever. No one wished he had brought his night cap, unless to keep his ears warm. The pace "took the starch out" of the pedestrians though; Gildersleeve perspired so freely that the color from his blue shirt was now extended down his flesh-colored drawers, making their junction "one entire and perfect chrysolite," so far as color was concerned. Greenhalgh's skin looked as delicately fair as that "model of a statuary" described by Byron, in relation to which he wickedly acknowledges having

— "seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal."

though it was cold enough to have frozen any other man as stiff as Lot's wife in five minutes. As they finished the ninth mile the men were loudly cheered. "Go it, my Gilder," or "Greenhalgh's a trump," was in the mouths of all. The latter has an extremely amiable expression of countenance, and had his full share of the sympathies of the spectators. Time of the mile 5:40.

Tenth Mile: Position throughout precisely "as they was," no clambering, no dwelling, but "go along" every inch. Though "almost perished" with the cold, every neck was strained to watch the slightest change of position. "Could n't you shorten yourself *a leetle bit*, sir?—you are *so tall!*" As they got half way down the backstretch, the crowd was so great that the men could hardly be distinguished even when seen. "Where is the Englishman?" "Up the spout!" shouted a ragged Zaccus, who had climbed on to the roof of the judges' stand. "Who's ahead?" "Who's ahead?—why Poke and Dallers you son-of-a-gun! Yes, and they *would* be—they wouldn't be nothin' else!" "I say, you! I should like to lay you a trifle, my pippin, you *broke through the fence!*" "I believe you *would* do it. How is your aunt Sally?" Near the close of the 10th mile the rate was tip top, each man going like bricks, with no signal of distress hung out. The mile was run in 5:38, making the time of the ten miles 57:52, a most extraordinary performance under the circumstances.

Eleventh Mile: No material change in the position of the men occurred during this mile, but the odds increased on Greenhalgh; of course he had made a waiting race of it, and no one had forgotten his tremendous burst of speed in the 10th mile of the last race, which he ran under 4:48. "Which will win?" "What'll you give to know?" Time of this mile 5:38, as before.

Twelfth Mile: In this occurred another exemplification of the old saw, that "a bad beginning makes a good ending." On commencing it Gildersleeve was directed by thousands to "Shake yourself, miboy!" "Cut loose Greenhalgh!" "Give him fits!" was shouted "like mad" by people whose teeth were chattering from the cold, as if they must soon drop out. Placide or Farren could

have picked up some valuable hints, for "Aspen" sitting in a thorough draught. People were chilled as stiff as the full length in the last exhibition of the National Academy, or the "wall flowers" at Korponay's ball. Both men made play commencing this last mile, as if they had not run a yard. Gildersleeve exerted himself like nothing else but a good 'un, but could no more shake off the nonpariel behind him, than could Sinbad the *Old Man* of the Sea. The pace down the backstretch beat cat's-fighting, no shuffling, no backing-and-filling, no "here-she-goes, and there-she-goes," but good honest running "on the square," Greenhalgh "putting in" stride for stride with his unflinching competitor. At the half mile post, you could just see a glimpse of daylight between the two. It reminded one of the scene of many a glorious victory of the gallant Boston, who was wont to pull to the field, to the last quarter, when "Old Nap" gave the order to "take the track and keep it!" Around the last turn it was "who should and who should!" Gildersleeve was ahead, but Greenhalgh could have touched him with his hand! He bided his time, but his time was not yet. They swung into the head of the quarter stretch. We could occasionally catch a glimpse of Gildersleeve's blue shirt, as we thought, in advance, but as the men were coming directly towards us, it was impossible to say which had the advantage. A mighty shout of "Gilder's got him!" was the cry. "No, Greenhalgh!" "Three to one on the Englishman!" "Greenhalgh's got him for a thousand!" "No, Gilder!" "Greenhalgh!" "Greenhalgh!" "Gilder!" "*I told you so!*" Gilder hasn't got him!" Greenhalgh wins it like a d——n!" "Hurrah for Greenhalgh!" Didn't I tell ye?"

After getting into the quarter-stretch Gildersleeve's trainer shouted to him, "Spread yourself, old fellow!" "Think of the *people at home*, Tommy," was the response of Harrison, Greenhalgh's faithful trainer. Every muscle was exerted, the last link was let out, and the most desperate struggle ensued on both sides. At first Gildersleeve seemed to have the best of it, but the unconquerable Englishman had yet a run left; he "bottled himself up," as it were, for a final rush, and this being the critical moment, he collected all his energies, and at the instant thousands were felicitating themselves that the favorite was beaten, lo, here he came with the force, the certainty, and the precision of a locomotive! The contest was not for a moment doubtful. Gildersleeve, if he had not overmarked himself, had "done all that might become a man." Without "hanging fire" an instant, Greenhalgh, with a last tremendous effort, rushed past him, and *the thing was out!* Gildersleeve, as game a man as ever breathed, did not make another effort; nobly had he acquitted himself, and "justified his training;" if he could not "command success" he had "done more—he had deserved it;" but limbs of steel and sinews of catgut, animated by the dogged courage and sullen obstinacy of the heroes of the Peninsular, only, could have achieved the victory on this occasion. Long before Greenhalgh reached the drawgates (some 200 yards from the Stand) he was alone, with the crowd of spectators so closely packed behind him that the Judges, for some moments, could not distinguish Gildersleeve in the dense mass. Mr. Browning rode by his side and advised him to "run it out," which he did, but by the time he reached the drawgates, Yankee Sullivan had brought Greenhalgh in his arms up into the Judge's Stand, the *twelfth* mile having been run in 5:18!! Notwithstanding the excessive cold, and a piercing air which was enough to congeal one's blood, the perspiration rolled down Greenhalgh's face and shoulders as if he had just come out of a vapour bath! He "blowed off steam" like a high pressure Mississippi snag-boat hitched at a wood-yard. It was some minutes before he could articulate a syllable. Six rods from the stand we thought he was fainting, and must fall into the hands of his friends, but the cheers of thousands, the thoughts of *home* and what would be said of him *there*, the "vast renown he gained by conquering Richard," all combined to give him heart, and keep him on his feet to the stand. We have a faint recollection, an indefinite idea of having heard some years ago—in the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," possibly—of an emphatically "used up man"—at least, so went the story, but on this occasion we had an apt and forcible illustration of a man "in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," not only, but of a man quite "totally exflunctified." Greenhalgh could not have run a hundred rods farther to have saved his life! However, in a few moments we got him warmly clothed, and within three minutes he desired us, being "no orator as Brutus

is" [not,] to make his grateful acknowledgments to the spectators and those immediately concerned in the race, for the great courtesy and kindness extended to him since his arrival in this country.

Gildersleeve on coming in was not nearly so much distressed ; he could not have run the last mile faster than he did, but he could have run, at nearly the same rate, a mile farther ! Both were most enthusiastically cheered, the losers demonstrating as lustily apparently as the winners, the general admiration of the stamina and spirit of these worthy competitors. It was evident to all that Gildersleeve lacked "foot," merely, to contend with a star like Greenhalgh, and we have a great degree of confidence that upon the latter's return to England he will "crowd the mourners" there. It is a little singular that while Greenhalgh is now the champion here, at long distances, Seward, a Yankee, should be the champion of England, at short spins. Immediately upon the conclusion of the race Greenhalgh came forward in front of the Judges' Stand, supported by his friends, and waving his yellow fag in the air would have made his acknowledgments, but the roar of Niagara could scarcely have been heard. He was greeted with nine times nine, and one more ! "Come back and give us another turn, next Spring," shouted a voice in the crowd. "He will," exclaimed his trainer, and after another cheer or two, Yankee Sullivan carried him down stairs out of the stand on his shoulders, and put him into a carriage and he drove off amidst the congratulations of thousands of his newly acquired friends, while "what'll they think of this, in the Old Country, Tom ?" was asked him by many an honest countryman with tears of manly pride in his eyes, as they followed his carriage from the course.

Recapitulation—Official.

BEACON COURSE, N. J., opposite New York city, Monday, Dec. 16, 1844. Purse \$1000, of which the 2d in the race receives \$300; open to all pedestrians. Five entries at \$10 each. Twelve Miles.

	MILES—1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
Thos. Greenhalgh, Englishman....	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1
John Gildersleeve, New York City	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2
Thomas McCabe, Irishman.....	dr.											
John Navils, Irishman,.....	dr.											
J. P. Taylor, Connecticut.....	dr.											
Time of 1st mile	5:53											
" 2d "	5:57											
" 3d "	6:02											
" 4th "	5:59											
" 5th "	5:50											
" 6th "	5:33											
" 7th "	5:40											
" 8th "	5:40											
" 9th "	5:40											
" 10th "	5:38											
" 11th "	5:38											
" 12th "	5:18											
Aggregate of Time	5:53											
" 2 miles.....	11:50											
" 3 "	17:52											
" 4 "	23:51											
" 5 "	29:41											
" 6 "	35:14											
" 7 "	40:54											
" 8 "	46:34											
" 9 "	52:14											
" 10 "	57:52											
" 11 "	63:30											
" 12 "	68:48											

Since the race we are gratified to state that a very handsome subscription has been made up not only for Greenhalgh but for HARRISON, his trainer, who accompanied him from England. It is understood that Greenhalgh will immediately sail for England, where, after being married, he intends re-visiting this country. We anticipate another contest between him and STEEPROCK, the Indian, next spring. Gildersleeve received \$300 as 2nd best in this race, and we hear that the proprietor of the course not only presented him with as much more, but that his friends have also "done the genteel thing" "by him," a compliment he eminently deserved.

THE FOUR MILE RACE

There were ten entries for this little spin, which came off previous to the grand affair of the day. Fowle, who was the favorite, concluded not to start, being short of work in his training. Taylor, too, "stept out." Among the bet-

ting men McCabe was the favorite, while Jackson was backed at odds by the outsiders. There was one bet of \$500 that McCabe would beat Jackson the first two miles—a very imprudent one, too, by the bye, as McCabe commenced training so late as the previous Tuesday. Francisco Murray, a fine looking man, made a capital race under the circumstances, not having been trained at all!

Van Ness led off at a slapping pace, and run himself out in the first half mile, so that every man in the field passed him. He and Westervelt cut it at the end of the mile. McCabe led in with "Francisco" 2d, but the latter was evidently in difficulty, and he was soon passed by Jackson, who, after waiting on McCabe to the head of the quarter stretch, cut him down in his stride, and came in ahead, thereby winning a hat full of money for himself and backers. Barlow gave up at the end of this mile. The running in the 3d mile was very interesting; Jackson opened a gap going down the back stretch, but McCabe drew on him at the head of the quarter stretch, and actually passed him before reaching the drawgates. Here Jackson must have got his "second wind," for he rallied suddenly, and after a sharp tussle got the lead again before finishing the mile. On the next turn McCabe tried it on, and once more got the lead! Jackson laid well up with him down the back stretch, collared him at the half mile post, drew out in front soon after, and finally won like a trump by about forty yards. "Francisco" was beaten off more than two hundred yards, but was not much distressed on coming in.

RECAPITULATION.

Beacon Course, N. J.—Monday, Dec. 16, 1844.—Purse \$150, free for all pedestrians. Four Miles.

	MILES—	1st	2d	3d	4th
Ambrose Jackson, Englishman.....		3	1	1	1
Thomas McCabe, Irishman.....		1	2	2	2
Jas. Francisco Murray, New Yorker		2	4	3	3
Wm. Barlow, Williamsburg, L. I.....		4	3	*	
George Hill, Long Island		5	*		
L. Westervelt, New Yorker		6	*		
Andrew L. Van Ness, Jersey City.....		7	*		

* Stopped.

Time of 1st mile, 5:15—2d mile, 5:29—3d mile, 5:55—4th mile, 5:31—
Total, 22:10.

Our associate Judge, in announcing the time of the principal race from the stand, miscalled it. The stand being crowded with pedestrians, trainers, and reporters, in the hurry and noise, it was almost impossible to reckon the aggregate time by that of the different miles. The time is correctly given in our report.

Since their race we have seen Greenhalgh, Gildersleeve, and Jackson; all were quite fresh on the following day, though Greenhalgh's feet and ankles were black and blue. He says that at the end of eleven and a half miles he despaired of beating Gildersleeve. The latter went straight away from him upon being collared at this period of the race, but upon being again caught, gave way. He could not run a second faster, *but he could have kept up his average rate for a mile farther*. On the following evening he danced the Polka at a ball up town, with a degree of grace that would have become Kornponay's aptest scholar. Greenhalgh sails for England in the packet ship "Siddons," on Thursday next, in much better humor with the Yankees than our "fat friend" Sydney Smith. He carries with him the good wishes of thousands, and more "tin" than he ever saw before. We are pleased to add that a handsome subscription has been made up for HARRISON, Greenhalgh's trainer, and that several of the heavy winners on Jackson made him such substantial presents as will "carry him through Christmas," and a little beyond.

The Racing Calendar.

NATCHITOCHES (LA.) RACES.

Dear Sir : Herewith I send you a report of the Fall Meeting on the Natchitoches Course, with such remarks as the occasion called forth, which you will please give a place in your paper :—

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 1844—Purse \$150, free only for colts and fillies that have been one year in the Parish. Ent. \$15. Mile heats.

Mr. Hammond's (S. Hyam's) b. f. *Kate Luckett*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess, 3 yrs., 83lbs. *Henry* .. 1 1

A. Lecomte & Co.'s Imp. ch. f. *Cora*, by Muley Moloch, dam by Champion, 2 yrs. *Evariste* 2 2

Time, 1:59—2:00. Track very heavy.

The weather was fine, and the stands were crowded; even the Crescent Queen of the South-west could not have exceeded in youth and beauty the display made by the fair dames of our parish, and all was as bright and cheerful as an October day of the sunny South could render it. The stand appropriated to the ladies is now over one hundred feet long, and was filled by the *elite* of our society, where might be seen the dark-eyed Creole, with the rich blood mantling in a cheek shaded by the glow of her own southern sun, yet soft as the peach's down, exchanging kindly greeting and joyous smiles with the blue-eyed, fair browed daughters of the far North and West. There also could be seen the representative of every State of our Union, laying aside their everyday cares, and prepared but for the enjoyment and hilarity brought about by a race meeting.

The horses came to the post in good condition, though *Kate* showed evident lameness in the left hind leg. *Cora* looked well, but her weight told against her, she carrying 77lbs. The nags obtained a fair start; *Cora*, having the track, took the lead; as they swung into straight work on the back stretch *Kate* went up, and a blanket would have covered them both for a short distance, when *Kate* drew clear, and at the end of the back stretch she was an open length ahead, and came home a winner by about two lengths, in 1:59.

Second heat: *Cora* again led off, and as before was halpedshe swung into as the back stretch by *Kate*, passed before she reached the turn, and beaten home two lengths in 2:00.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Ent. \$25. Two mile heats.

T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Oleander*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Aronetta, 3 yrs. *Lit* 1 1

D. Walker's Imp. br. h. *St. Patrick*, by St. Patrick, out of Plenty, by Emilius, 6 yrs. *Tom Hammond* 3 2

A. Lecomte & Co.'s *Harry of the West*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine, 3 yrs. *Evariste* 2 3

First Heat. Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:58	Time of 1st mile	2:00
" " 2d mile	2:05	" " 2d mile	2:11

Time of 1st heat	4:03	Time of 2d heat	4:11
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Track heavy—in some places quite wet.

The horses came at the call. *Oleander* looked in beautiful condition, as did also *Harry*, but it was known that the latter had thrown out a curb some three weeks back, and though he had some friends, the filly was taken against him at 25 to 15, and even against the field. *St. Patrick* had been in training but three weeks, and was not in condition; there were whisperings of his having the red flag waved in front of him the first heat; but the son of the green isle of the ocean was not to be scared at trifles. After one or two false starts they went off, *Oleander* having the lead on the inside, *St. Patrick* next, and *Harry* outside and second. In the back stretch *Harry* went up and gallanted the lady down to the turn, where he lead through the first mile in 1:58, the filly in hand, and well up. She collared him in the back stretch, and ran locked to the turn, where

Harry gained a slight advantage, and entered the last stretch ahead. Up went a shout from the fielders; but the Glencoe was not yet done, and Harry was not out of the wood; the filly made a gallant rally, and beat him home by a length in 4:03. St. Patrick dropped in the distance, never having made a brush. Bets were now offered at long odds on the filly, but few takers. The fielders looked a little down in the mouth, for the filly had evidently the heels of Harry, their best card.

They started for the 2d heat, when St. Patrick took up the running, and went off at score, so lowed by Harry and the Glencoe; at the first turn in the 2d mile Harry went up to close the gap, after him Oleander, who had evidently been watching Harry, and now challenges for the second place, takes it after a short struggle, and making play, passes St. Patrick, and wins the heat in 4:11, St. Patrick 2d. Harry passed St. Patrick, but when half way down the home stretch appeared to fail, and was beaten home by the Saint. The track was heavy, and in some places quite soft.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Purse \$225, ent. \$22.50. Conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Lecomte & Co.'s b. f. <i>Laura Lecomte</i> , (late Madeline), by Tarquin, out of Imp. Sarah, 4 yrs.....	Bill. 2 2 1 1 1
T. J. Wells and A. Carnel's b. f. <i>Attala Lecomte</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant, by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	Lit. 1 1 2 2 2
V. Rachal's ch. g. <i>Jim Fletcher</i> , by Tom Fletcher, out of Celar, 5 yrs....	3 dr.

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56—1:59—1:59.

This was a very exciting race, and the excitement was as much felt by the ladies, though not as noisily evinced, as by the gentlemen. Gloves were won and lost by the dozen, bonnets and cravate, and the various articles that usually are the amount of ladies' gage, were freely bet; and many a bright eye danced with joy at the exhilarating sport. The name of Laura Lecomte was proclaimed from the stand by the Judge to be hereafter borne by Laura. The fact that the two fillies were named after the beautiful daughters of our gentlemanly fellow citizen, A. Lecomte, added very much to the interest taken in the races, so as to make it decidedly *the event* of the meeting. But the bugle sounds. Attala was the favorite against the field, and 2 to 1 against Laura. The nags are stripped, and the two fillies are as fine as silk, Laura looking a little too fine drawn to some, but not so to me. Jim was entirely too fat, and such beauties as Laura and Attala could not be expected to remain long in such gross company. But the riders are up—the drum taps—away they go, Attala in the lead; on the back stretch Laura challenged for the first place, and after a struggle showed in front; but Attala went at her in the turn, and entered the home stretch ahead, though it looked like anybody's heat; a beautiful run was made down the last quarter, but Attala came home first by half a length in 1:55. Jim saved his distance, but it was too fast a crowd for him, and he backed out.

In the 2d heat Attala was offered at 3 to 1, and though Laura's friends stood up for her and took the odds, yet they were not eager to do so. And now, as the drum taps, they are off, Attala leading to the back stretch, when, after a severe brush, Laura took the lead; at the head of the home stretch Attala's rider, who rode beautifully and with uncommon grace, called on his nag, who answered to his stirring appeal by beating Laura a length, after a severe run, in 1:55.

The fielders were now truly cast down, and many long faces were to be seen as 4 to 1 was offered on Attala; but there were some takers, though few and far between. Once again the drum is tapped, and the horses are off for the 3d heat, Attala inside. Laura makes play from the score, and takes the track from Attala ere they enter the turn. Her stride was too severe for the filly, and she entered the straight run some lengths ahead; the filly closed the gap a little but could not reach Laura, who came home a gallant winner by two lengths in 1:56. And now comes a deafening shout, once more the fielders are in heart, and their voices tell how much lighter they feel. The knowing ones look confounded, and at once commence the hedge at 2 to 1 on Laura.

At the word they are off for the 4th heat, Attala making a dash for the track, but it was no go, Laura kept her lead, winning the heat with ease in 1:59. There was not a poor man on the ground, at least one would judge so from the utter recklessness evinced of the cost of hats, caps, handkerchiefs, coats, and shoe leather. Odds 3 to 1 on Laura, but few takers; there were some bets made at 4 to 1.

They are off for the 5th heat, Laura in the lead ; she made the running, and was never lapped, though Attala's rider tried it on in the back stretch, but it wouldn't fit—Laura again came home an easy winner in 1:59. The welkin rang again as it gave back the shouts of the fielders. A large amount of money changed hands, and the knowing ones were *did brown*—yea, very brown. Laura was led up to the stand, the boy received the purse, and in front of the ladies' stand a beautiful wreath of victory, presented by one of the ladies, was placed upon her brow, amid strains of music, a shower of bouquets, and the loud and repeated shouts of the spectators.

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$375, ent. \$37,50. Conditions as before. Three mile heats.

A. Lecomte & Co.'s br. c. *El Bolero*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp.
Leviathan, 3 yrs..... Evariste.... 1 1
T. J. Wells' *Wiskma*, by Dick Chim, out of Linnet, 3 yrs..... Lit.... 2 2

First Heat.	Second Heat.
Time of 1st mile	Time of 1st mile
" " 2d mile	" " 2d mile
" " 3d mile	" " 3d mile
Time of 1st heat	Time of 2d heat

The horses came to the post, *El Bolero* in very fine condition, his glossy coat reflecting proudly old Sol's bright rays. *Wiskma* looked well, but was complaining in one of her legs ; she is a beautiful chestnut, of high form and fine size, and resembles her dam very much. The odds were, however, against her at 3 to 1, and the result of the race showed that these odds were not justified, as it was by no means a soft snap ; if he ever meets her again, and she is in condition, he will find her a hard customer. The first heat was run by *Wiskma*'s leading round to the last quarter stretch, the colt trailing, and occasionally feeling his way, and putting the issue of the heat on a brush ; at the head of the home stretch he made his rush, and won the heat in 6:05. *Evariste*, the rider of the colt, deserves credit for his good riding in this race, and he will make a star rider if he continues to improve as heretofore in his riding. Odds 4 to 1 on *Bolero*—more takers than givers. Another rider was put up on *Wiskma*, who now carried about 6lbs. over weight.

At the tap of the drum they are off for the 2d heat, *El Bolero* leading, the filly close up ; in the stretch the latter made a rush and collared the colt, and they ran this mile and the next, and three-quarters of the 3d, in a dead lock, but the colt outlasted her, and drew clear about half way down the last quarter winning the heat in 6:05. This heat was beautifully contested, the horses having run two miles and three-quarters as if harnessed to the same car. The knowing ones took the odds to-day, and were again served out.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Race for two fine saddles, ent. \$10, free only for horses that never won a purse. ; winner to have choice—2d hor. e, second choice—the horse that distances the field to take both saddles. Weights as before. One mile.

E. O. Blanchard's (W. S. Tyson's) br. h. *Dick Bluewater*, 5 yrs..... Bill. 1
A. Lecomte's (V. Rachal's) ch. g. *Jim Fletcher*, (pedigree above—entered by consent ; having won a purse). Jack 2
H. Christman's b. c. by *Conflict*, 3 yrs..... dist.

Time, 1:57

Jim's bridle broke at the start, and he actually ran the race and took the second prize without a bridle ; his rider appeared to be as well satisfied as if he had been in possession of the horse's head with a good bridle. He was stopped after running over two miles, by forming a barricade of horses. The *Conflict* colt was "nowhere." *Dick* led throughout.

Thus closed our regular Fall Meeting, which passed off delightfully. Through the courtesy of the gentlemanly officers of the 4th Infantry, we have had the attendance of their splendid band during the week. We purpose opening Stakes, and will endeavor to get a Spring meeting to come off some time in May.

Will you give your opinion in the following case ? Four horses are entered for a race ; A bets B that he will place a certain horse—he places him 3d ; in order to distinguish him we will call the horse placed "The Dun." Well, the judges declare that there is a dead heat between "the dun" and another, they being the last of the four. What position do they stand in?—does A win or lose ? I think he has won, because if there had been yet another horse behind it would have been 4th, while "The Dun" and the one running the dead heat would have been both 3d.

S. M. HYAMS, 1st Sec'y N. J. C.

ANOTHER REPORT OF THE NATCHITOCHES RACES.

Dear Sir :—Below you will find a report of the Natchitoches Jockey Club In due time you will, no doubt, receive one from higher authority, and embracing all the particulars of the meeting. The attendance was full each day; the beautiful and smiling faces of the ladies crowded the stands, and heartily mingled their sweet voices in the shouts which filled the air for the success of Mr. LECOMTE's stable. To him is the credit due, principally, of having placed the Natchitoches Course upon a high and honorable footing; nor is any one, from his great popularity and gentlemanly bearing, so well calculated to make it what it is—one of the most delightful and fashionable places of the kind in the South.

Fist Day, Oct 21.—The first race was for a purse of \$150, for 3 yr. olds and under, bred or brought into the parish one year. Two started—S. M. Hyams' br. f. *Kate Luckett*, 3 yrs., by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Shepherdess, and A. Lecomte's Imp. ch. f. *Cora*, 2 yrs., by Muley Moloch, dam by Champion. Won easily by the brown filly in two heats in 1:59—2:00. *Kate Luckett* had the call, although she had been complaining in one of her hind legs for some time. She was trained by Hammond, of Bascombe notoriety. *Cora* contended against the disadvantages of age, and was entirely too lame.

Second Day, Oct. 22—There were three entries for the Purse of \$250, free for all ages, two me heats, viz.—T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Oleander*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Aronetta; Dr. Walker's Imp. br. h. *St. Patrick*, 6 yrs., by St Patrick, out of Imp. Plenty, and A. Lecomte's ch. c. *Harry of the West*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine. Won easily by the filly in 4:03—4:11. *Harry of the West*, of whom much has been expected, from the fact of his being brother to *Harry Cargill*, is a dark chestnut, about 15 hands 3 inches high, strong in all his points, but rather too short in the carcass. His style is good, and I predict, in time he will make a race horse.

Third Day, Oct. 23.—For the Purse of \$225, best 3 in 5, there were three entries—A. Lecomte's b. f. *Laura*, 4 yrs., by Tarquin, out of Imp. Eliza; T. J. Wells & A. H. Carnal's b. f. *Attala Lecomte*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Extant by Imp. Leviathan, and V. Rachal's ch. g. *Jim Fletcher*, 5 yrs., by Tom Fletcher, out of Celar. Won by *Laura*. Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56—1:59—1:59. This was a well contested race; *Attala* had a great deal more foot in the first two heats than her gallant competitor, but weakened from the want of condition. She is "one of 'em," and was bought at one of the auction sales of the estate of Mr. James Jackson, for \$193.

Fourth Day, Oct. 24.—Two 3 yr. olds came to the post for the three mile Purse of \$375, viz.—A. Lecomte's br. c. *El Bolero*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan, and T. J. Wells' ch. f. *Wiskma*, by Dick Chinn, out of Linnet by Imp. Leviathan. Won by *El Bolero* in 6:05—6:05. This was a splendid race for 3 yr. olds, for the distance and the state of the track; it is about five seconds slower than the New Orleans courses, being in many places ankle deep in sand, and the surface very uneven. The colt had the call at from 3 and 4 to 1, but the contest was doubtful from beginning to end. Each heat was won by less than a length, and both nags ran the whole of the last heat with the spur in their sides, and both responded to each and every call. A TURFMAN.

Natchitoches, Oct. 25, 1844.

PARIS (TENN.) RACES.

Mr. Editor: Below I give you the result of the Fall Races over the Paris Highland Course, commencing on

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2, 1844—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 134lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Major Edward Travis' ch. f. <i>Mary Weller</i> ,* by Sterling, out of Discord, (the dam of Buz Fuz), by Luzborough, 2 yrs	2	1	1
Col. V. S. Allen's b. g. <i>Bill Polk</i> , by Luzborough, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs... ...	1	2	2
John C. Grizzard's b. h. <i>Plato</i> , by Arab, dam by Constitution, 7 yrs.....	3 dist.		

Time, 4:09—4:00—4:04. * Mary carried 14lbs. extra.

In the 1st heat Miss Mary led off at a lively yet graceful lick, and notwithstanding a long and desperate brush upon the back stretch in the 1st mile, by the gallant Bill Polk, she maintained her position in front with apparent ease, up to within about 100 yards of the stand, when she became frightened at the

crowd, bolted, ran out into the field some 45 or 50 yards, remained out some 15 seconds, was reined back into the track at the same place that she had left it, trailed at a distance of some 100 yards behind, (Plato not being able at the time to make Bill Polk run), until they reached the back stretch, upon which Miss Mary passed Plato, and, by a long brush, closed the gap between herself and Bill Polk, with whom she ran nearly locked until they reached the last stretch, when a desperate brush and a fearful contest ensued for the heat, Bill Polk winning it by about a length—Plato a long way behind.

Miss Mary won the second and third heats with ease, carrying 81 lbs., being 14 lbs. over her proper weight. Plato was distanced in the second heat.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Maj. Edward Travis's gr. h. *Buz Fuz*, by Medley, out of *Discord*, by Luzborough,
 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. V. S. Allen's gr. h. *Jim Jones*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.... 2 dist.
 Time, 6:02—5:53.

Won easily, Jim Jones stopping in the second heat, after running two miles.

SAME DAY.—Second Race—Purse \$ —, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 H. Adonally's *Sarah Burton*, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 Asa Douglass's ch. c. by Stockholder, dam by Giles Scroggins, 3 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Col. V. S. Allen's b. c. *John Morris*, (pedigree not given), 3 yrs..... 3 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58.

J. G. HARRIS, Sec'y. of the Paris Highland Club.

P. S.—By request of a friend, I send you the pedigree of Stirling, which he wishes you to insert:—

Stirling was got by Sir Charles, his dam Stalama by Powhatan, g. dam by Imp. Saltram, g. g. dam by Imp. Democrat, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought.

MEMPHIS (TENN.) RACES.

These races commenced on the 12th instant, on the Central Course, under the management of LIN. COCK, the new lessee. The annexed report is compiled from one we find in the Louisville "Morning Courier":—

TUESDAY, Nov. 12, 1844—Sweeps'akes, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.—
 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs., allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings, subscription \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Lin. Cock's ch. c. *Gen Debuya*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nanny Kilham,
 by Voltaire, 3 yrs 3 1 1
 W. E. Travis's ch. f. by Sterling, Jr., dam by Imp. Luzborough, 2 yrs* 2 3 3
 W. Baird's ch. c. *St Charles*, by Imp. Jordan, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs 2 3 3
 Time, 2:14—2:14—2:07.

* The 2 yr. old won the third heat, but was ruled off for foul riding, and the purse awarded to Gen. Debuya as second in the race.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before.

Two mile heats.
 W. Baird's (James K. Duke's) ch. h. *Magnate*, by Eclipse, out of Cherry Elliott, (Maria Duke's dam), by Sumpter, 6 yrs 1 1
 W. P. Greer's b. c. *Rover*, (late Woodcock), by Woodpecker, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs 2 2
 Col. Oldham's b. h. (name and pedigree not given) dist.
 Time, 4:13—4:13.

THURSDAY, Nov. 14—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before.

Three mile heats.
 Lin. Cock's ch. c. *Gen. Debuya*, (pedigree above) 3 yrs 1 1
 M. J. Troye's ch. g., by Mark Moore, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs 2 2
 W. Baird's ch. c. *Dan Tucker*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, — yrs 3 3
 Time, 6:14—6:02.

FRIDAY, Nov. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$800, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Lin. Lock's b. m. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, by Sir Richard, 5 yrs 1 # 1
 Maj. Troye's ch. g., by Mark Moore, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs 2 1 3
 Wm. P. Greer's b. c. *Rover*, (pedigree above), 4 yrs 3 3 2
 Time, 8:14—8:02—8:12.

This was a well contested race. At the start, the knowing ones bet 50 to 10 on Sally winning the race; after the 2d heat, hedging was all the go. Greer's colt, Rover, would have won the race, but the boy made a mistake in the distance he had gone. His directions were, to trail for 3½ miles, then to put for home; but at the end of the 4th mile, he was 80 to 100 feet behind, and as soon as he found out his mistake, he gave him the steel and whip, and Sally only beat him out about 2 feet. Sally was lame and tired, as well as Mark Moore—both were done, and Rover was as fresh as a new plucked rose.

SATURDAY, Nov. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before.
 Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 W. Baird's ch. h. *Magnate*, (pedigree above) 6 yrs 1 1 2 1
 Lin. Cock's ch. c. *Gen. Debuya*, (pedigree above) 3 yrs 2 2 1 2
 G. W. Vannatta's b. f., by Imp. *Valparaiso*, dam by *Rattier*, 3 yrs..... dr.
 Time, 2:02—1:55—1:54—1:58.

FORT GIBSON, ARKANSAS.

We are indebted to Mr. CLARKE, of the "Arkansas Intelligencer," for the annexed report of this meeting, to whom they were furnished by the Secretary of the Jockey Club:—

The races over the course in the vicinity of Fort Gibson, were to have commenced, as advertised, on Tuesday, the 24th Sept., with a sweepstake for 3 year olds, entrance \$150, h. ft. Mile heats. Being but one sub., however, in the stake, (from the stable of Coody, Todd, & Co.,) there was no race on that day.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two subs. at \$150 each, h. ft.
 Two mile heats.

Col W. S. Coody's b. c. *Festivity*, by Imp. *Leviathan*, out of *Magnolia*, by Mons.
 Tonson 1
 Samuel Mayes' b. f. *Susan Alexander*, by Imp. *Leviathan*..... 2 dr.
 Time, 4:29.

This race was considered by all a perfect "open and shut" affair; so much so, that large "odds were offered on the colt distancing the filly in one of the heats, and but very few takers. The first mile they ran pretty close together, the colt, however, never being "put up." On the second mile he "strung out" and ran at his ease, several lengths ahead at the winning post. On the call for the second heat, Mr. Mayes informed the Judge that his filly was drawn.

It is but justice, however, to Mr. Mayes and his filly, to say that he ran her without the least expectation of winning, (knowing that she was entirely too high,) and only that there should not be a "total failure" on our first meeting. The time of the heat is hardly worth recording, being very little over a "hand gallop." The track, however, had not been finished, and was fatlock deep in sand and dust; not having had a good rain since its commencement, and none at all since the last ploughing and harrowing.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. \$150 each, h. ft., 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Coody, Todd & Co's ch. c. *John Ross*, by Imp. *Leviathan*, dam by *Oscar*, 4 yrs... rec'd. ft.

By decision of the Club, to accommodate all parties, it was determined to change the day on which the purse should be run for, and also, the conditions of the race, as follows:—

SATURDAY, Sept. 28—Purse \$100, ent. \$10 added, free for all ages, weights as before.
 Mile heats.

Coody, Todd & Co's ch. c. *John Ross* (pedigree above)..... 1 1
 Samuel Mayes' b. f. *Susan Alexander*, by Imp. *Leviathan*, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 1:58—2:06.

The track on this day was much better than it was on the day of the former race, (although still very heavy,) there having been a tolerable good rain Thursday night. John Ross, when uncovered, looked as fine as satin; and the filly better than when she ran against Festivity, that race having improved her by reducing a little.

On calling, John Ross had the track, and at the signal, both bounded off with a good start, the filly ahead, and before they got 100 yards, she took the track and kept the lead nearly round the turn, when, in despite of the pulling and "yawing" of little Jack, on John Ross, he came alongside, in which position they run at a "sweeping" pace for about four hundred yards, when Jack allowed his horse to go in front, leading round the turn, and coming home in splendid style, an easy winner by about three lengths.

After the usual time, they were again called to the post, both looking fresh as if it was the first heat. At the word they again were off, the filly leading as before, round the turn. On the back stretch, John Ross got up alongside, and brought all little Jack's powers into requisition to prevent him passing. On the turn, the filly again led until rounding into the home run, when John made play and passed, coming in about a length ahead, an *ungallant* winner.

Although she was at no time able to make John Ross straighten his neck, still, in her condition, she has won some credit by her race, and when caught "right," will make any other than those who have "nags" of the proper "stripe," look *rueful* in the face, should they try to beat her, for she is none of your "soft snaps" after all.

After the regular race was decided, the "short stock" began to "shine," and various pony races of three or four hundred yards came off, on each of which there were several dimes bet.

Thus ended our first meeting; which, although it fell far short of what many anticipated, still was not without considerable amusement.

Yours, &c., M. DUVAL, Sec'y. Fort Gibson J. C.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Boons Lick Times" for the annexed report of these races. They pay a well merited compliment to Mr. MILTON MORRISON, the proprietor of the course, whose arrangements gave general satisfaction. The course was in fine order, and the weather everything that could be wished. The new stands, etc., are said to be very tastefully arranged—a fact we hope to demonstrate with our own eyes "one of these days."

MONDAY, Sept. 30, 1844—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds; colts 75lbs., fillies 73lbs.; 6 subs. at \$25 each, \$10 ft. One mile.
 S. H. McMillin's ch. f. by Imp. Jordan, out of Peggy Stride..... 1
 Henry Shacklett's b. f. *Mary Long*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Pest by Carolinian.. 2
 A. Hughes' ch. f. by Collier, out of Capt. Conn's dam..... 3
 Wm. Carson's b. f. *Ellen Jordan*, by Imp. Jordan, out of Eileen Tree by Sir Henry.... 4
 Time, 1:57.

After some little difficulty in bringing the colts to a proper position for the start, all got off in handsome style, running well together for the first three fourths of the heat, when the Jordan filly made play for the heat, went in front, hotly pressed by the Tranby, and after a spirited contest upon the home stretch, came in a winner by two lengths; the Collier and Eileen Jordan about 15 steps behind the winner. The race was highly interesting, and the performance of each colt gave fine promise to its owner of turning up a "high trump" next season. The horses all showed a high state of preparation with the exception of Ellen Jordan, and we understand she has only been galloping twelve or fifteen days; if so, her performance on this occasion was highly creditable.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 7 subs. at \$50 each, \$25 ft. Mile heats.
 Jeremiah Dickson's b. f. *Faith*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Pointer by Lance. 1 1
 W. C. Boon's ch. c. *Falsifu*, by Duke Sumner, out of Eileen Tree, by Sir Henry.. 2 2
 Cooper & Shroyer's ch. c. by Steel, dam by Virginian..... 3 dist.
 Time, 1:55—1:55.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings; ent. \$10. Mile heats.
 G. Patrick's b. m. *Puss*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs..... 2 1 1
 Thos. Jackson's ch. n. *Simon Girty*, by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs.... 1 2 2
 Joseph E. Wash's b. h. *Dick Menifee*, by Lance, dam by Sir William, 7 yrs... 3 3 dr.
 D. C. Heffington's (T. Clark's) ch. h. *Tom Watson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Virginia by Pacolet, 6 yrs..... 4 dist.*
 Time, 1:53—1:54—2:05.

* In the second heat Tom Watson arrived at the Judges' Stand first, and was evidently able to have won the race, but was declared distanced, having accidentally lost a portion of his weight.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3—Jockey Club Purse \$200, free for all ages; ent. \$20. Three mile heats.

Wm. McMullen's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charley, 3 yrs.....	1 1	
W. C. Boon's ch. h. <i>Ecliptic</i> , by American Eclipse, dam by Moses, 6 yrs.....	2 2	
<i>First Heat.</i>		
Time of 1st mile	1:55 Time of 1st mile	2:06
Time of 2d mile.....	2:02 Time of 2d mile.....	2:02
Time of 3d mile.....	1:59 Time of 3d mile.....	1:58
<i>Second Heat.</i>		
Time of 1st heat.....	5:56 Time of 2d heat.....	6:06

Before starting, Victress was the favorite at about 3 to 1, and bets were made to a very considerable amount at that odds. The race was an exciting and well contested one, the filly winning the 1st heat by about 2 lengths, and the 2d by only 2 feet.

FRIDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15; fillies 83lbs., colts 86lbs. Two mile heats.

A. Hughes' b. f. <i>Faith</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Lance, 3 yrs.....	0	1	1
D. C. Heffington's ch. f. <i>Unity</i> , by Genito, out of Lady Pest, by Carolinian, 3 yrs.....	0	2	dist.*

Time, 3:55—3:58. Third heat not reported.

* Bolted when more than a distance ahead.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

We last week gave (from the Louisville "Morning Courier") the result of the first four day's of the above races. The following is the result of the two last days:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 11—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages; conditions as on Tuesday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Muckle John, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
D. Heinsohn's ch. f. <i>Miss Clash</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs....	5	2	2
James Shy's ch. f. <i>Lucy Webb</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	4	3
G. R. Kenner's ch. h. <i>Charley Anderson</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	2	5	4
S. T. Drane's ch. m. <i>Sally Cressop</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.....	4	3	5

Time, 1:54—1:50—1:52.

The admirable performances of Croton the other day, inspirited his backers, and they freely offered bets to any amount, of 3, 4, and even 5 to 1, that he would beat the field. The heaviest betting, however, was as to which of the other horses would be second best in the race, and each nag had strong backers. It is scarcely worth the while to give a recapitulation of the different heats; for Croton had it all his own way, and won the purse and race in three straight heats, with scarcely an apparent effort. The start in the third heat was a miserable one, in consequence of the anxiety of each one to have the advantage—Miss Clash and Croton getting off more than fifty yards in advance of the others.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; subscription \$100, h. ft. Two mile heats.

J. R. Smith's ch f <i>Ann Harrod</i> , by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	1	1
J. Chiles' ch c <i>Dr. Franklin</i> , by Frank, out of Althea	3	2
W. Baird's ch. c. <i>Sir Charles</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury.....	2	3

Time, 3:54—3:55.

This was quite an interesting and exciting race, and caused heavy betting. In the early part of the day, Ann Harrod was the favorite against the field; but her backers lost confidence, and before the race bets on Dr. Franklin against the field, went begging.

They all came to the stand in admirable order, and started off in beautiful style, the Doctor leading, and Ann and Sir Charles well up. On the back stretch in the second mile, Ann passed the Dr. with ease and rapidity, and maintaining her position, won the heat very handily. In the second heat, St. Charles took the lead, and about half-way in the second mile was passed both by Ann and the Dr., Ann leading home an easy winner.

We cannot forbear expressing our admiration of the superior riding of the lad attached to Mr. Bradley's stable. He is decidedly the best rider that ever went over the Oakland Course, and we doubt whether he has a superior either in the United States or Europe. He has a steady nerve, a most excellent judgment, and an uncommon share of coolness and presence of mind for one so young. He has won four out of five races he has rode this week.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12—Proprietor's Purse \$800; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	1	1
W. Viley's (H. Clay's) b. m. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand, out of Imp. Allegrant, 6 yrs.	2	2
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3	3
H. L. French's b. f. <i>Ann Hayes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs.....	dr.	

Time, 8:00—7:53.

The weather, to-day, was most beautiful, and the expectation of first-rate sport attracted a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen at the Oakland Course. Ann Hayes was the favorite early in the day, but on its being announced that she would not run, Motto became the favorite against the field. The first heat was a very slow one, being won by Motto in 8:00 $\frac{1}{2}$, without being headed or even pushed at any time in the heat. The second heat was also a very easy going one, Motto winning it in 7:53 $\frac{1}{2}$ with scarcely any effort.

BALTIMORE, Md., KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 6 subs. at \$200 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.	
Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus.	1 1
Thomas Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of the dam of Emily Thomas	2 2
O. P. Hare's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles	3 3
E. H. Pendleton's ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Tuckaway	pd. ft.
John Gooding's b. f. <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bond by Sussex	pd. ft.
J. S. Hall's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna	pd. ft.
Time, 4:12—4:09.	

The track was very heavy—ankle deep—and raining during the forenoon.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Samuel Laird's c. h. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busirus, out of a Stanley mare, 5 yrs.	3 1 1
James B. Kendall's b. c. by Imp. Priam, 5 yrs.	1 2 3
Wm. Field's b. g. <i>Old Kentuck</i> , out of Snowstorm, 4 yrs.	2 3 2
Time, 3:58—3:53—3:55.	

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, ent. \$7, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats.

F. Thompson's gr. m. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, 5 yrs.	4 2 1 1
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte, 4 yrs.	3 1 2 2
J. Williamson's b. f. <i>Mayble Win</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Fantail, 4 yrs.	1 dist.
T. S. A. Martin's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Virginia (Bandit's dam) 3 yrs.	5 dr.
Isham Puckett's b. m. <i>Fanny Robinson</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Arietta, 4 yrs.	2 dr.
Time not reported.	

THURSDAY, Oct. 17—Purse \$300, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

D. P. Hare's <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Virginia, 4 yrs.	4 1 1
Thomas Doswell's b. f. <i>Mary Hume</i> , by Pamunkey, out of Ruth, 3 yrs.	2 dr.
John Gooding's ch. h. <i>Astor</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Tripit by Mars, aged.	2 5 dist.
F. Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam, 6 yrs.	3 2 2
W. Field's gr. h. <i>Wilton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon d'Enclos, 6 yrs.	1 3 3
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. h. <i>Billy Bowie</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James, 7 yrs.	5 4 4
Time, 6:01—6:17—5:53.	

FRIDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue, 7 yrs.	1 1
Peyton R. Johnson's <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady by Comus, 4 yrs.	2 dr.
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. h. <i>Alemodé</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.	dist.
Time, 8:29.	

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

John Gooding's b. f. <i>Kate Coy</i> , by Critic, out of Nancy Bone by Sussex, 3 yrs.	1 2 1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.	2 1 2
Thomas Doswell's <i>Tom Paine</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Tom Tough, 3 yrs.	dr.

Time, 2:02—2:03—2:02.

The course was handsomely attended, and better running never was made over any course in the Union. The Three mile race was certainly, without exception, the handsomest race ever run on any track; the Four mile was not so good. The Colonel made a desperate effort, but could not overtake the champion of the Turf, Fashion. It was raining incessantly during the day, and the track was very heavy.

P. W. R., Sec'y.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Reveille" for the graphic report annexed, of the recent meeting near that beautiful city:—

FIRST DAY, Monday, Oct. 21.—The Ball opened to-day, under the most pleasing and favorable auspices. The day was lovely beyond compare, and the attendance numerous for the first day of the meeting.

The race was for the Proprietor's Purse, Mile heats, which brought out Mr. Moore's *Cherokee Maid*—a great favorite with us at home—Elizabeth Greathouse, Red Eagle, of Mr French's stable, (lately arrived from Kentucky,) and Mr. Frost's *Lady Plymouth*. The betting was principally on the Maid vs. the field, and but for the mishap of falling short of her weight, there is but little doubt, from the manner in which she won the first heat, that she would have borne off the prize; but fate decreed it otherwise.

The start was an excellent one. The speed of the Maid was apparent as soon as the drum was tapped: she started out from the lot under a hard pull, and maintained her position throughout the heat, the contest lying principally between Elizabeth and Red Eagle, for second position. On rounding into the quarter stretch, Red Eagle gave way to Elizabeth, who came home second, under a severe press, struggling to beat the Maid. Upon the rider of Cherokee Maid being weighed, it was too apparent that he was nearly three pounds short of proper weight, and was consequently distanced. The heat was proclaimed in favor of Elizabeth Greathouse. Time, 1:53.

Second Heat: Several false starts occurred, owing to the eagerness of the parties for the "lead off." The start was very even. A desperate struggle commenced, from the tap, between Red Eagle and Lady Plymouth, which terminated only with the heat. They were a "dead lock" nearly the whole mile, Elizabeth "laying up" under a hard pull. The run home was exciting in the extreme: both under a press, and a smart shower of catgut and steel brought them lapped, as they had started from the stand. A dead heat was proclaimed in 1:50 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Third Heat: Elizabeth took the lead, which she maintained throughout, although in the last half mile the whip and spur were frequently called into requisition. Red Eagle's last effort to win the heat was desperate, but the effect of a seven days' trip from Kentucky must have operated seriously to his disadvantage. The heat was run in 1:54.

Since racing was first commenced in this State, the appearances for animated contests were never so favorable as at present; and the arrival from Kentucky of three choice stables will operate like a charm upon a meeting already brilliant in perspective beyond precedent. It will be seen by the advertisement, that there will be two excellent races to-day. We predict a crowd to witness them. **Recapitulation:**—

MONDAY, Oct. 21, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86 lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs., allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.
 S. N. Robbins's b. f. *Elizabeth Greathouse*, by Masaniello, dam by Waxey, 4 yrs.. 1 3 1
 H. L. French's b. c. *Red Eagle*, by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses 3 yrs..... 3 0 2
 J. C. Frost's b. f. *Lady Plymouth*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse Lightfoot, 4 yrs..... 2 0 3
 Thomas G. Moore's gr. m. *Cherokee Maid*, by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 5 yrs..... dist.

Time, 1:53—1:50 $\frac{1}{2}$ —1:54.

SECOND DAY.—The race to-day was witnessed by a numerous crowd, partly from the fact of one of the colts engaged in the sweepstakes, Two mile heats, being owned by one of our most influential and wealthy citizens. The race leaves us but little to record, owing to the lameness of the imported colt, which, although boasting a pedigree "as pure as the highest snow flake on the mountains," was easily defeated. The following is the result:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86 lbs., fillies 83 lbs. 3 Subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.
 Henry Shackleford's ch. f. *Unity*, by Genito, dam by Carolinian..... 1 1
 Wm. P. Miles' (J. M. White's) Imp. br. c. by Gambol, dam by Negotiator..... 2 dr.
 Jno. Frost's ch. c. by Sidney, dam by Tormentor..... pd. ft.
 Time, 4:00.

SAME DAY.—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, catch weight; subscription \$100, p. p. One mile.
 Jas. Bissell's b. f. by Borodino, dam by Bronet 1
 N. K. Sullivan's ch. c. *West Streak*, by Nathan, dam by Brummer..... 2
 Geo. Sullivan's ch. f. *Helen*, by Nathan, dam by Whip pd. ft.
 R. H. Wright's b. f. *Segar*, by Duke of Orleans, dam by Whip pd. ft.
 Time, 2:05.

THIRD DAY—This race was for the Proprietor's Purse Two mile heats. In addition to the horses named in the recapitulation, Ann Hayes was entered, but being slightly amiss, her owner thought it prudent to give her an opportunity to recruit a little, and prepare her for the Four mile day, when, it is given out, she will make her appearance. The day was disagreeable in the extreme, owing to a violent southerly wind, which will in a measure account for the slow time of the race. The attendance was very numerous; much more so than on any previous day of the meeting, and the course in excellent condition. Previous to the announcement being made that "Ann Hayes would not start," she was taken freely against the field; the betting changed materially at start.

ing, and "Victrress against the field!" was shouted loudly, and no reply was made to the challenge. Dan Tucker was the second favorite, but, as the result shows, contended against great odds in being expected to run even a game race, when he had been but two days before landed here, after a "low water" trip from Kentucky; and in addition to this unfavorable position, it is said by those who had watched his progress during the meetings at Lexington and Louisville, a curb, of no small magnitude, prevented him from being started at either of those places.

Of the winner we have formerly spoken in the highest terms of commendation, and of course, after this display of her powers, our opinion of her, if changed at all, must place her on a much higher pinnacle. She has started five or six times, and never having lost a heat, is deemed by us invincible—at least, at home. We understand she is about to leave for the south, where she is engaged in two sweepstakes of large amount. "Forewarned, fo-earned," is an old trite saying. We therefore say to our Mississippi Turfmen, look out for her. But to the race:

First Heat: Canopy bounced off with the lead, the others in a bunch, Victrress 2d. Without material change of position they ran the first mile, Canopy making at each jump, the gap somewhat wider. At the first turn of the 2d mile Victrress made play, and gradually closing the gap, caught and passed Canopy on the back stretch without apparent effort. Dan Tucker was then called into action, and caused the run up the back stretch to be pretty lively. It was evident, however, that the Grey Eagle had a deal in hand, and Monk, on Dan, thought it more prudent to run an easy heat, and if possible get a good sweat, than to force the running, and thus "tie him up." Mirth passed Dan after passing the distance, and then placed herself second. The time of the heat was 3:52. Any odds on the filly now went begging, and after the usual time, neither of the nags apparently being "worse for wear," they were called for the

Second Heat: At the tap, Mirth darted off in good earnest, and in the first quarter had opened a gap of nearly three lengths, Victrress second—under a hard pull—Tucker third, going easy. Mirth kept a steady, rating stride, running the first mile in 1:53. Victrress kept her place until rounding the last quarter stretch of the second mile, when she cut loose with one of her tremendous bursts of speed. At the distance stand they were lapped, and a desperate struggle ensued for about fifty yards, each of the riders driving "the rowels" to the head. The shout that went up showed, too plainly, that the race was decided in favor of Missouri's favorite nag. **Recapitulation:**—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23—Proprietor's Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before.

Two mile heats.
 Wm. McMullen's b. f. *Victrress*, by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charlie, 3 yrs 1 1
 Jno. P. White's b. m. *Mirth*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander, 5 yrs 2 2
 Wm. Baird's ch. c. *Dan Tucker*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, 4 yrs 3 3
 Wm. P. Miles' b. f. *Canopy*, by Conflagration, dam by Sussex, 3 yrs 4 dist.
 H. L. French's b. f. *Ann Hayes*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs dr.

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:53	Time of 1st mile	1:53
" " 2d mile	1:59	" " 2d mile	1:57

Time of 1st heat.....	3:52	Time of 2d heat.....	3:50
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FOURTH DAY.—The Kentucky stable came out with flying colors for the purse, Three mile heats, the entries being Moth, by Imp. Glencoe, Nancy Mac, by Imp. Leviathan, and Mary Harrison. The latter being drawn, to prepare for to-day, it resulted in a match. The wind was blowing almost a hurricane, which must have prevented the attendance of a great many, although there were on the field a goodly number.

First Heat: Nancy started off with the lead, Moth in waiting about three lengths behind her. The positions remained unchanged until rounding the turn of the last quarter stretch, when Moth made play, and came home an easy winner of the heat in 6:08, the last mile having been run in 1:52. The

Second Heat—was a repetition of the first, save that Moth took the lead at the end of the 2d mile, and was not again headed. **Recapitulation:**—

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Proprietor's Purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before

Three mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's ch. f. <i>Moth</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Velocipede, 4 yrs	Jack Minor	1 1
G. B. Field's b. m. <i>Nancy Mac</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs....	2 2	
Thos. G. Moore's ch. m. <i>Mary Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	dr.	
Time, 6:08—6:07.		

FIFTH DAY.—The Four-mile Day, always attractive with us, was rendered doubly so from contingencies. The wind, which for three days previous had been a hurricane in miniature, had subsided. A pleasant shower the previous night, had laid the dust, improved the road, and put the course in tip-top condition. The day was lovely in the extreme, and but for the face of nature showing that pale, approaching winter was near at hand, might easily have been mistaken for a morn in April. The road to the course presented a continuous mass of all sizes, shapes, conditions, and colors of people, and in all sorts of imaginable conveyances, wending their way to the scene of action. Upon reaching the course, it was *bruited* that the favorite (Croton) showed lameness in the morning, when taking his preparatory exercise. This rumor brought the fielders, and those who were loud in praise of Croton's powers, upon an equality in the betting line, and bets could be had in any way, to suit the views of all parties. There were other reasons why Croton should not be a great favorite, the main one, however, being, that he had never started in a race of more than Two mile heats; and it was thought by many that even at that distance, his speed and not his power of endurance had carried him victoriously through the race. If "Rover's" theory is correct, the *mare* was not to be dreaded, from the fact of her being "bone of the bone" of Eclipse, while of the Genito filly, Utility, the propinquity to Eclipse did not cause her to "fright the isle." *En passant*, a word may be said of her, and it speaks volumes in her favour—that she maintained so respectable a position in the race. In June last, it was thought she was not worth the training, from the fact of her being worked for a short time, and on her trial, tiring at so short a distance. The skill and judgment of her present trainer, (Mr. Heffington), has reinstated her in the opinion of at least the "knowing ones," as to her powers of endurance. She is owned by the proprietor, and will, with care, we venture to predict, make a stir before Time lays his hand very heavily upon her. Her form is good, and her action bespeaks continuance.

The race is easily described. A false start showed very plainly the truth of the story of Croton's lameness. His motion was at least discouraging; he limped badly, and was, to appearance, very nigh falling. At the tap, Mary Harrison went off with the lead, Croton second, the Genito filly behind, all "moving like a bag of sand," the rider of Croton allowing Mary Harrison's rider to regulate the pace to suit his own wishes, the only difference throughout the race being the distance of the Genito filly behind the party, which was sometimes fifty, and not unfrequently eighty yards. Croton brought a change over the spirit of their dream on the last quarter stretch of the fourth mile: he slipped by like an eel, winning the heat in 7:55. After the heat, the current betting was about 4 to 1, but the victims were scarce.

Second Heat: Varied so little from the first, that the least said about it the better, and will enable our readers the sooner to enjoy some other racy articles, which will be found dotted about the paper of to-day. We therefore present the following—Recapitulation:—

FRIDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c., <i>Croton</i> , own brother to <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.....	Jack Minor	1	1
Thos. G. Moore's ch. m. <i>Mary Harrison</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....		2	2
H. Shacklett's ch. f. <i>Unity</i> , by Genito, dam by Carolinian, 3 yrs.....		3	3

Time, 7:55—7:56.

SIXTH DAY.—We returned from the course late last evening, after a race of nine heats! which surpasses in interest and variety all our preconceived notions of a brilliant race, and throws in the shade all the great struggles that it has ever been our lot to witness.

There were seven entries, six of which, at the sound of the bugle, made their appearance upon the ground—*Ann Kender*, from lameness, having been drawn. The betting was as various as betters would desire it, and there was hardly any way that a speculator, in search of a good chance, could not have invested his funds to either good or bad account.

Cherokee Maid was first favorite, and the result will show how nearly she justified the expectations of her backers.

We regret that the crowded state of our columns prevents us from doing justice to the race in detail, and must, therefore, content ourselves and our readers with the following—Recapitulation:

MONDAY, Oct. 28—Citizens' Purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before. Best 3 in 5, Mile heats.	
H. L. French's br. c. <i>Red Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Mo-	2 4 5 5 1 3 0 1 1
ses, 3 yrs.....	
Jno. P. White's ch. g. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5	3 3 3 1 2 1 3 2 3
yrs.....	
W. Baird's ch. h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sumpter, 6 yrs	6 0 1 2 4 2 0 3 2
T. G. Moore's gr. m. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Te-	
cumseh, 5 yrs.....	1 0 2 4 5 4 dr.
Wm. P. Miles' b. f. <i>Canopy</i> , by Conflagration, dam by Sussex,	5 6 4 3 3 r.o.
3 yrs.....	
J. Frost's b. f. <i>Lady Plymouth</i> , by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse	
Lightfoot, 4 yrs.....	4 5 6 6 6 r.o.
S. L. Berry's b. f. <i>Ann Kender</i> , by Mingo, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.	dr.
Time, 2:02—1:57—2:00—2:00—2:01—2:01—2:01—2:04—2:04.	

NEW YORK, BEACON COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 23, 1844—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for 3 yr. olds that never won; colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Mile heats	
Charles S. Lloyd's gr. f. by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot.....	<i>Haggerty</i> 1 1
James Williamson's ch. c. <i>John Lynes</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Silverheels.....	2 2
Time, 1:50½—1:52½.	

A very close contest in the 1st heat, the filly winning by about a neck only; the 2d won cleverly.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4. 104—5. 114— 6. 121—7 and upwards 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats	
Charles S. Lloyd's b. c. by Hornblower, dam by Henry, 3 yrs.....	<i>Haggerty</i> 1 1
Wm. Webber's b. h. <i>Fiddler</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 3 yrs	2 dr.
Time, 1:54½—1:59.	

The Hornblower colt won the 1st heat handily; in the 2d heat Fiddler was mounted, started, but pulled up immediately after.

SECOND DAY.—Before the main race to day, came off a spin at Mile heats, between Mabel Wynn, Livingston, Webster, and the Gulnare filly by Langford. The first-named was the favorite vs. the field. In the 1st heat, Webster and the Gulnare filly ent out the work to near the half-mile post, where Mabel got up 2d, ran neck and neck with Webster around the turn, came in front at the head of the quarter stretch, and finally won by half a length in 1:52. In the second heat the Gulnare filly again led off, with Livingston 2d, and Mabel 3d, though Wiley was pulling her double. The grey filly soon after declined, and Mabel took the lead, with Livingston close up 2d, where he was kept by steel and ca'gut. Down the quarter stretch Remsen had his hands full to keep Livingston from swerving in against Mabel and use his whip at the same time, but he did both, and won the heat out of the fire in 1:53½. The 3d heat Livingston won cleverly, making all the running, in 1:56½.

Second Race: Marchioness—a beautiful daughter of Imp. Rowton—met Fashion at Three mile heats. She is out of a Sir Archy mare, and 5 yrs. old. Notwithstanding she had Gil. Patrick on her back, and a rumor prevailed that Fashion was coughing, the Northern Champion was backed at 100 to 30. There is little to describe about the race. The 1st mile was a hand-gallop, but soon after commencing the 2d, Fashion went up and forced the pace, without attempting to pass. As Marchioness led through again the 2d mile, we heard 100 to 20 offered on Fashion in the Club Stand opposite. On getting around the next turn into straight work, Fashion made play in earnest, and with little intermission was lapt on Marchioness, though Joe Laird pulled to her, until they reached the head of the quarter stretch, where Gil. Patrick drew his whip. It was of no use; despite of her "spots" and her cough, Fashion came in front when she pleased, and won by a clear length, running the last mile in 1:50½—the 2d and 3d miles in 3:46½ and the heat in 5:50½. In the 2d heat Fashion led from end to end, winning by half a dozen lengths in 5:57½. Recapitulation :—

THURSDAY, Oct. 24—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.	
H. Alfred Conover's b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry,	
4 yrs.....	<i>Remsen</i> 3 1 1
James Williamson's b. f. <i>Mabel Wynn</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4	
yrs.....	1 2 2
Chas. S. Lloyd's gr. f. by Imp. Langford, out of Gulnare, 3 yrs.....	4 3 3
David Toms' b. h. <i>D. Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 5 yrs.....	2 4 dr.
Time, 1:52—1:53½—1:56½.	

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$800, of which \$200 goes to the 2d horse; other conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Sam. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of
Bonnet's o' Blue, (Mariner and Edith's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs.. *Jos. Laird* 1 1
 James Williamson's b. m. *Marchioness*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 5:50 $\frac{1}{2}$ —5:57 $\frac{1}{2}$. Course rather heavy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 25, Purse \$500, conditions as on previous days. Two mile heats.
 Charles S. Lloyd's *Stanley Eclipse*, by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 5 yrs..... 1 1
 James Williamson's b. h. *Regent*, by Imp. Priam, out of *Fantail* by Sir Archy, 5
 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 3:53 $\frac{1}{2}$ —3:54.

SAME DAY—Purse \$200, for horses that never won a purse previous to this meeting; weights as before. Two mile heats.
 Charles S. Lloyd's gr. f. *Esta*, by Bolivar, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 3 yrs..... galloped.

For this last purse Livingston and John Lynes were entered, but the former was objected to as having won before, while John Lynes, having met with an accident, was withdrawn.

LOUISIANA ASSOCIATION RACES,

ECLIPSE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

We are indebted to the editors of the "Picayune" for the annexed report of the meeting of the Louisiana Association, which will be read with great interest. It will be seen by the paragraph subjoined, that hereafter no race under the control of the Association, will be permitted to come off on Sunday—a fact we have infinite gratification in recording. It is a matter of notoriety that during his presidency of the Eclipse Jockey Club, the late lamented Judge PORTER never visited the course on that day, and that by precept and example, he inculcated a regard for the associations and habitudes of a large class of his fellow citizens, in this respect. We hope some leading member of the Metairie Club will, like Capt. MINOR, introduce a resolution to a similar effect, in that association, thereby removing a very serious objection to the Sports of the Turf in Louisiana, as urged from the pulpit, and by those who have gladly seized upon this circumstance to traduce the gentlemen connected with them.

At a meeting held last evening, December 7th, at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, on motion of Wm. J. Minor it was

Resolved—That after this present meeting, no race, under the control of the Louisiana Association Jockey Club, shall be run over the Eclipse Course, Carrollton, La., on Sunday.

On motion of the same gentleman, it was further

Resolved—That the above resolution be published both in the "Picayune" and New York "Spirit of the Times" newspapers.

THOMAS EUBANK LEEFE, Sec'y. of the Louisiana Association.

FIRST DAY, Dec. 8, 1814—Post Stake for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 66—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs. Seven subs. at \$500 each, half forfeit, with \$500 added by the Association; nominations to be made at 12 M., the day previous to the race. Four mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck's (Bradley & Beard's) ch. f. *Moth*, by Imp. Glencoe,
 out of Imp. Jessica, by Velocipede..... A. J. Minor 1 1
 Lin. Cock's b. m. *Sally Shannon*, by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, by Sir
 Richard, 5 yrs..... 3 2
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. *Ruffin*, by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marbo-
 ro', (Luda's dam), by Sir Archy, 4 yrs..... 2 3
 Time, 8:47—8:48. Course deep and heavy.

There is little occasion for a minute description of this race. Although there were seven subscribers to the stake, only four nominations were made, and of these but three came to the post, viz: *Sally Shannon*, *Moth* and *Ruffin*.—The last named was the favorite at odds against the field; but the friends of each of the mares were "sweet" upon them, and before we went to the course we heard \$400 offered even on *Moth* against *Ruffin*. But the general tenor of the betting, which was in small sums, was as above stated—about 5 to 4 on *Ruffin* against the field.

The weather was clear, cool and bracing, while the course was heavy—in fact, very heavy and stiff with mud. A few words will describe the race. *Ruffin* made the running in the first heat, with *Moth* well up and *Sally Shannon*, most judiciously managed in the rear. In the commencement of the fourth mile of the heat, *Moth* went up to the horse, found she had the foot of him, and near the half-mile post took her final leave of him. He came down the quar-

ter stretch, miserably jockeyed as we thought, was well up to Moth at the finish, although pulled and yawed about every inch of the way inside the draw-gate. Sally dropped in gracefully, and the admiration of her rider's judgment was unanimous. Time, 8:47.

In the second heat Sally Shannon made the running for three miles with the others well up, Moth leading Ruffin. As they came down the quarter stretch in the third mile, Moth went up; she was lapped on to the mare as they passed the stand; they ran, locked, for nearly a quarter of a mile, when the filly drew clear from her, and was never again caught, though Sally made a rush for the heat in the last quarter. Time, 8:48.

MONDAY, Dec. 9—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's b. f. *Ha'penny*, by Birmingham, out of Picayune, by Medoc..... rec'd. ft.

The following paid:-

A. Lecomte & Co.'s ch. c. *Harry of the West*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Imp. Florestine.
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. c. *Envoy*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jenny Mills.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *La Bacchante*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Tacheehanee.
S. T. Taylor's (John Turnbull's) ch. c. *Own Brother* to Peytona.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

Hon. D. F. Kenner's ch. f. *Feathers*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of
Geo. Kendall's dam, by Stockholder Chis'e'm 1 2 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Jeannetteau*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Bailey, by Stockholder, 3 yrs 3 1 2
A. Lecomte & Co.'s ch. f. *Eliza Mills*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder 4 4 3
Capt. W. J. Minor's b. c. *Dart*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy 2 3 dist. dist.
S. T. Taylor's ch. f. *Own Sister to Thornhill*

The following paid:-

Wm. J. Minor's b. g. *Diana*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of Diana, by Mercury.
George Kenner's b. f. by Richard of York, out of Onyx, by Bertrand.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Fretillian*, by Capt. McHeath, out of Fanny Wright, (by Bertrand).

Time, 2:00—1:58—2:00.

These races come off under an unclouded sky; and although the course was still heavy from the recent rains, the sport was excellent. In the first stake announced, to which there were five subscribers at \$500, half forfeit, Mr. Kenner's *Ha'penny* received forfeit. The second stake was quite another affair. It was a sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats; and of the eight nominations, five came to the posts. v:z: *Dart*, *Eliza Mills*, *Feathers*, *Jeannetteau*, and an own sister to *Thornhill*. *Dart* was most decidedly the favourite, and odds, in fact, were offered upon him against the field. *Jeannetteau* had her friends, from the consideration in which her owner and her trainer are held, and from the further fact of her great race at Natchez with *Tarantula*. Gentlemen from the Red River country were not backward in sporting their dimes upon *Eliza Mills*.

The preceding summary of the race is its best description. We might give the relative position of each nomination for every hundred yards, but, "the figures" tell the story more concisely. *Feathers* contested the first heat with *Dart*, outfooted him in the first quarter of a mile, shook him off again near the half-mile post, and won the heat in two minutes—*Jeannetteau* being well up, *Eliza Mills*, at the right side of the flag, and the sister to *Thornhill* distanced.

The second heat was won by Colonel Bingaman's filly *Jeannetteau*. *Feathers* had contested it with *Dart* for half a mile, and beat him, when *Jeannetteau* took up the running, and in making the turn into straight work, passed *Feathers* and came home a winner of the heat in 1:58. The only apparent contest was as to what should be *third*, and *Dart* had it.

For the third heat the Red River filly had a slight advantage in going off, but it did not affect the race. *Feathers* and *Jeannetteau* singled themselves out before a quarter was run, and the former had so much the best of it that neither whip nor spur, which were freely used coming down the quarter stretch, could persuade *Jeannetteau* to take her place in front. The time of the heat was two minutes, and *Dart* was shut out.

TUESDAY, Dec. 10—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. W. J. Minor's gr. g. *Javelin*, by Imp. Doncaster, out of
Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy..... Bill Collingsworth 1 1
Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's gr. c. by Grey Medoc, dam by Elliott's Napoleon..... 2 2

The following paid:—

- A. Lecomte & Co.'s Imp. ch. f. *Cora*, by Muley Moloch, dam by Champion.
 Win. J. Minor's g. f. *Hebe Carter*, Own Sister to Grey Eagle.
 Hon. D. F. Kenner's b. f. Own Sister to Crucific.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. *Lisette*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Wright.
 Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Chuckfahila.

Time, 1:57—2:01.

Although the elements were all in favour of the sports, we are constrained to say that those who visited the race were not gratified by any remarkable development, of speed or stoutness. A sweepstakes for two year olds, in which there were seven nominations, was all that could be held forth as an inducement to leave town on a day so unwontedly cold. Of these seven, it was well understood that Capt. Minor and Mr. Kenner would alone bring their nominations to the post. Mr. Kenner's Grey Medoc colt was decidedly the favourite. It would be idle to occupy our columns with anything more than the bare summary of the running which is given above.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11—Association Purse \$350, free for all ages; weights as on first day. Two mile heats.

Co. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Betsey Coodey</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by			
Sir Charles, 3 yrs	Chisel'em	1	1
P. A. Cock's ch. c. <i>Native</i> , by Medoc, out of Ann Beauchamp, 4 yrs.....		3	2
Wm. Beard's ch. h. <i>Magnate</i> , by Eclipse, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 6 yrs		2	3
A. Lecomte & Co.'s br. c. <i>El Bolero</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs		4	4
Time, 3:56½—3:52.			

Col. Bingaman's entry, *Betsey Coodey*, was decidedly the favorite, and justified the confidence of her backers by winning in two heats. The first she contested with *Magnate*, and the second with *Native*. The race was an interesting one; but the preceding summary of it will answer as well as the most elaborate description in giving an idea of the sport. We should add, perhaps, that there was a false start for the second heat, and that *Native* galloped for half a mile or so, quite to his own satisfaction, but much to the discomfiture of those who had taken the field against the favorite. The contest for second and third places was sufficiently interesting for the betting men, but it requires no extended notice from us.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Association Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Jeannetteau</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by			
Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	Wild Bill	1	1
R. Ten Broeck's (Johnson and Belcher's) b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by			
Roanoke, 5 yrs		4	2
Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano, by Bertrand, 5 yrs		2	3
W. J. Minor's ch. m. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock, 5 yrs		3	dist.
John Claiborne's (S. T. Taylor's) ch. c. <i>General De Buys</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nancy Kilham, 4 yrs.....			dist.
Time, 5:55—5:52.			

Of the five entries for this race *Midas* was from Virginia, *Jeannetteau* and *Norma* from Mississippi, and *Gen. DeBuys* and *Music* from this State. *Music* was greatly the favorite against any other named entry, and but slight odds could he had on the field against her. It appeared that *Norma*'s friends relied upon broken heats to pull her through, and we heard slight bets made that in such a contingency she would win. *Barney* was mounted upon her, which increased the confidence of those who fancied her. There was more curiosity to see *Midas* than any other horse in the race, inasmuch as he had been "cracked up" as the equal of *Blue Dick*, but we heard nothing bet upon him. *Jeannetteau*'s race the other day with *Feathers* had brought her into disrepute, although she had made herself somewhat famous by winning a heat a short time since from *Tarantula*, at Natchez. *DeBuys* was not named in any betting we heard.

We will not detain our readers with an extended description of the race. The weather was mild, the course in good order, and the attendance very fair. *Music* cut out the work in the first mile, was passed at the end of it by *Norma*; and the latter named mare, after going two miles, was compelled to yield the *pas* to *Jeannetteau*, whose style of moving was the theme of general admiration. *Music* made an effort, after having gone two miles and a half, to close up a long interval between herself and the winner, and for some seconds she appeared to be certain of the heat. It was too much for her, however, and Col. Bingaman's, filly went past the stand ahead, in 5:55. *Gen. DeBuys* was behind the

flag, while Midas dropped in, not having apparently made an effort to win the heat.

The betting was now so various, according to the fancy of each witness of the sport, that it would be idle to attempt to report it, but it was not heavy enough to injure any body. Midas, we thought, had more of the confidence of his backers than before the heat, and Music was in somewhat similar esteem. The start was a good one, as has been almost every one during the week. The contest was animated from the tap of the drum, the pace having improved from the first heat. At the end of the first mile they were all well up, and they ran in a ruck, as it were, for a half-mile further. In going down the back stretch in the third mile, the winner, Midas and Music ran a dead lock for several hundred yards, and the race was interesting in the extreme. The superior action of Jeannetteau was too much, however, for her competitors, and she came home a winner of the heat and race in 5:52, with something to spare, so far as it was in our power to judge.

A Play or Pay Stake, subscription \$100 each, to which the Association added \$100. One Mile and a half, advertised for this day, did not fill probably.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Association Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's ch. m. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess, (Peytona's dam), by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	Frank	3	1	1	2	1
A. Lecomte & Co.'s b. f. <i>Laura Lecomte</i> , by Tarquin, out of Imp. Sarah, by Imp. Sarpedon, 4 yrs.....		1	2	3	1	2
J. G. Cox's b. f. <i>Victress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Royal Charlie, 3 yrs....		2	3	2	3	3

Time, 1:52½—1:53—1:54—1:54—1:56.

SATURDAY, Dec. 14—Association Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. D. Elliott's (Wm. P. Greer's) b. c. <i>Rover</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Sally Miller, by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	A. J. Minor	1	2	1
Hon. Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Pat Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare, 4 yrs.....		3	1	2
John Claiborne's (S. T. Taylor's) b. m. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam, by Richard, 5 yrs.....		2	3	3
Hon. Baile Peyton's (Thos. Alderson's) ch. f. <i>Tarantula</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....		4	4	4

Time, 7:56—7:58—8:04.

This race disappointed no one so far as mere amount of sport was concerned, although the betting was so varied that there must have been more "hard falls" than is usual in a contest so easy of description. Of the four entries (*Rover*, *Pat Gallwey*, *Sally Shannon* and *Tarantula*) the last named was most decidedly the favorite, from her fine performances at Nashville and Natchez. We heard odds offered on her against the field. *Pat Gallwey*, too, had liberal backers, who offered \$500 to \$700 on him for the purse. Then a Kentucky party was very sweet upon *Rover*, and backed him freely for first or second place. The betting, however, was rather general than heavy, and there were more opportunities afforded to the "knowing ones" to "get round" than is usual when only four start.

The course was in good order—as smooth as you could wish, but not so elastic, so springy as we have known it. Induced by the delightful weather in part, quite a number of ladies gave their countenance to the scene. There was a good deal of speculation about the best time to be made; the "peg" most numerously "stuck down" was 7:51, though there were varieties of opinion, without in our knowledge, from 7:48 to 7:56.

This was an extremely interesting race, but owing to want of space we are compelled to omit a well-written description from the Picayune. In the last heat, the two colts came down to the stand at a flight of speed, both doing their best; but the Kentuckian managed to lead through in 8:04, although *Pat* was up to his saddle skirts. It was a most beautiful finish of an animated contest.

LAST DAY. Dec. 15—Association Purse \$200, entrance \$50 each, added; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. m. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock, 5 yrs.....	French	4	1	1
Hon. D. F. Kenner's gr. m. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny, by Bertrand, 6 yrs.....		1	2	2
S. R. Taylor's ch. c. <i>Gen. DuBuys</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Nanny Kilham, 4 yrs.....		3	3	3
Scruggs & Fanning's b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....		2	4	4

Time, 6:10—5:49—5:57.

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